

From the Christian Observer.

The Spanish Protestants and their Persecution by Philip II. By SENOR A. DE CASTRO. Gilpin. 1851.

THE religious history of Spain presents peculiar features. In its early period we find the Spanish Church opposing itself to the encroachments of the See of Rome. The country had become more entirely Roman in its manners and institutions than was probably the case with any other part of the world out of Italy; and the language, after centuries of Pagan and Mahometan rule, has retained a greater similarity to Latin than has any other language, except the Italian. Christianity was introduced early into Spain. The national boast that it was first planted there by St. James, the son of Zebedee, was not allowed by the Church of Rome when she first set foot in the country; but the national spirit was too powerful, and she was obliged to acquiesce in, or, more properly, to agree to a compromise with respect to a tradition which had so deeply fixed itself in the imagination of the Spaniards. The difficulty to be reconciled was, how to account for the apostle having converted the country, and yet to allow to St. Peter and to Rome a fair share of the good work. The arrangement with this view was at least ingenious, if not historically accurate. After long and grave discussion, it was determined that St. James having visited Spain, and made converts there, dispatched seven of the most promising to Rome for episcopal ordination by St. Peter; and that thus, if the nation owed the knowledge of the faith to one apostle, she was indebted for the organization of the Church to the other.

The Protestant student of history has but slight interest in such idle legends. Still the reader of the Bible looks upon Spain with a sort of mysterious reverence. It is the furthest country of the west which we have any reason to suppose was visited by an apostle. "Whosoever I take my journey into Spain," St. Paul promised to visit the disciples at Rome. Whether he accomplished his intention, we are not informed; but at any rate it was a vast design that he meditated, in which a visit to Rome was only to be a stage.

After the break in its history, when we catch from the Sacred Volume the last glimpse of Christianity in Spain, we find that it had been planted there and was flourishing; and in the pages of ecclesiastical history the Spanish Church acts no unimportant part, by its councils and synods, in the religious questions that agitated the whole body during the decline of the Roman empire. The invasions of the Goths, the spread of the Arian heresy, and the subsequent conversion of the nation to the Catholic creed, present another blank in the annals of the Church. We cannot determine with certainty to what extent the spirit of Christianity actuated and animated the clergy and nobles, and how far it had leavened the mass of the people. There is one event that would lead us to augur the worst of the condition of the Church at that period. the scourge that was permitted to extinguish the light of Christianity throughout the Eastern Church extended its ravages to Spain, and the country

which an apostle purposed to visit was overrun by the followers of Mahomet. May we not conclude, that as the chastisement was the same, so the offences that had called for it in the East abounded there likewise?

What remained of Christianity under the domination of the Moors was likely to look to Rome, then asserting her authority over the Western Church, for keeping together the scattered members of the faith in Spain. At all events, we find that when the Spanish nation succeeded in freeing itself from the civil bondage of the Mahometans, the national church proved to be entirely under the spiritual jurisdiction of Rome, which from that period to the present has exercised a more undisputed sway in that country than even in Italy itself.

Spain, in fact, has been the theatre of an experiment on a grand scale, as to what the genuine tendency of Popery is, when unchecked by the civil power, and unmodified by any opposing influence. In that country it has assumed an unmitigated character, and shown itself in darker colors than even in the focus of Rome, which rays out the gloom. Many causes have operated to this effect. We are not inclined to lay so much stress, as it is now the fashion to do, on the national character of the people. Such speculations on the qualities of different races, we apprehend, are at best very superficial and unsatisfactory, and, when pushed to their extreme consequences, end in indifference and latitudinarianism, or even in a quietly assumed materialism. There is enough in the actual history of Spain to account for all the phenomena, without having recourse to such questionable theories.

In the front rank of these causes we would place the Inquisition; which, though it did not originate in Spain, at least took root and flourished there to an extent which showed that there was nothing in the soil to hinder its having been indigenous; becoming, as it did, the model on which, at a later period, the Inquisition of Rome was formed. We are told that, subsequently to the Council of Trent, when its decisions failed to stifle the disputes that were still agitated in Italy respecting sacraments, purgatory, and some late corruptions of the Romish ritual, the Pope consulted Caraffa as to what additional remedy could be devised against the evil. The cardinal replied, that the establishment of a searching Inquisition, after the model of that of Spain, was the only one he could suggest; and accordingly an Universal Tribunal, supreme over all others, was erected in Rome. The memorable Bull to that effect was published July 21, 1541.

It may seem a fanciful comparison—and yet it is so, only at first sight—to say that, with reference to the history of opinion, this dreaded Institution occupies the same place, and is, in its operation, strikingly analogous to the effects which in politics are produced by the guillotine. Both alike establish a reign of terror, with corresponding results. Under the influence of the latter—the simple dread of indiscriminate destruction—all ordinary motives are swamped, and self-preservation survives as the sole human instinct. The patriot and the loyalist equally abandon their most cherished convictions. Could a continuance of the infliction be supposed

possible, all the bonds of social life would be dissolved, and man would remain an insulated and selfish being, with no tie to connect him with his fellows, and the desire of escaping death his only rule of action.

Under the more gradual, though no less effective, system of the ecclesiastical guillotine, similar consequences are observable. The weak are induced, through terror, to renounce their most conscientiously formed principles; while the more powerful minds find a refuge in hypocrisy and secret infidelity. The evil propagates and reacts on itself, until we find, as there is too much reason to believe, that even the agents who conduct this instrument of mental death are persons who have no belief in the doctrines it is enforcing, but whose moral nature has been so completely reversed that they become habituated to do to others what they would not wish done to themselves.

The Inquisition in Spain had full scope for its working. It acted for the suppression, not merely of heretics, but also of unbelievers and secret enemies of the faith. Both classes were numerous in Spain. The Moors who had abjured Mahometanism were still suspected, and on sufficient grounds, of not having become Christians. There were Jews also long domiciled in the country, and whose blood was supposed to have mingled, through intermarriages, with that of the purest of the native Spaniards—the *sangre azul*, "the blue blood," as it was termed. Political offences came also under its cognizance, and the prejudices of one race against another served to strengthen the severity of the original institution. It is truly a remarkable evidence of the force of terror, that the Inquisition was able to overcome one and all of these conflicting interests and opinions, and to enslave the mind of the nation more completely than has ever been the case in any other quarter of the world, or under any other system of conjoined physical and intellectual despotism.

It was when the Church was wielding this tremendous power that the Spaniards were first brought acquainted with the doctrines of Protestantism, through the connection of Charles V. with his German dominions. These doctrines spread, we suspect, in a purer form in Spain than they did in Italy, where they were very early mixed up with certain speculations indulged in by different individuals, who, disgusted with the Papacy, had entertained heretical doubts on some of the cardinal truths of Christianity—in some cases even avowing infidelity—and who were ready, therefore, to hail with approval the propagation of the reformed tenets, or indeed of any other opinions, valuing them less for their own sake than as being opposed to the court of Rome. In Spain, however, these half-pagan views—for they partly proceeded from the revived study of the Classics—had not penetrated; and consequently the opinions of the Reformers, brought direct from the country where they were first promulgated in all their purity and freshness, fell, comparatively speaking, into honest and good hearts.

How the light then kindled was quickly extinguished in the blood of those who rejoiced in its rising, and the last spark trodden out by the Inquisition—this forms a chapter of painful interest in Spanish ecclesiastical history. It was written many years ago, by Dr. McCrie, the well-known author of the Life of John Knox, and some contributions have been subsequently made to the facts which he was the first to communicate in a con-

nected shape to the world. His work, however, is in respect superseded. The author of the present volume has given us many new particulars, and has supplied on various occasions fuller details than are to be met with in preceding works; but he wants the grasp and historical mind of his distinguished Scotch predecessor; and his book is therefore unsatisfactory, and may even mislead a reader who has no other knowledge of the subject. This will be understood from his announcement in the preface: "Though I necessarily speak," he says, "of both Roman Catholic and Protestant doctrines, it does not follow that I should analyze them, or discuss religious questions. My object has been, not to inquire into matter of faith, but only into facts." In this false antithesis, our readers will see, lies the unsatisfactoriness of the volume. The author imagines that to have opposed the Church of Rome, or to have fallen under suspicion from the Inquisition, is sufficient of itself to entitle the sufferer to a place in his history, without his taking the pains to ascertain, at any rate to state, the precise grounds involved in the question;—whereas, in our view, this forms an essential consideration. It is not the doctrines that in any given case may have been rejected, but those which have been put in their places, that constitutes the real fact to be inquired into. The martyr or confessor becomes such properly speaking, not merely in reference to what he rejects or opposes, but also by what he upholds. A good deal of confusion in this matter would be obviated, and it frequently happens, by keeping in mind the apostle's remark—"a man is not crowned unless he strive lawfully." That M. De Castro's work therefore has, as he alleges, "no similarity to that of the erudite Scotchman," is not necessarily in favor of M. De Castro as being merely the later writer, unless it be made to appear—and this has not been done—that the views of both writers on the subject are similar.

To omit some minor instances, where we think the principles of this work have misled our author, with reference to one or two subjects, as to which he challenges attention in offering a new view of historical characters—we consider that he has not been successful in overturning the general estimate of the disposition and views of Don Carlos, the son of Philip II.; or, rather, in substituting a different explanation from the commonly received one, of the causes of this prince's miserable death. The proof that he was intriguing with the Protestant leaders of the rebellion in the Netherlands is not sufficient to establish his own character as a Protestant, far less to enroll him as one of the sufferers for these opinions. We still incline to think that if the causes of his mysterious fate be to seek, they will be found, as far as his personal bias was concerned, to be more connected with politics than with religion. We shall not, however, enter into the proofs which M. De Castro has advanced on his view of the question—though one or two of these are new—"but, finding some of Edward's race unhappy, pass the annals by."

He has detailed at length—and the narrative is considerably the most interesting of any that his book contains—the circumstances of the persecution, by the Inquisition, of Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo. His history is a striking illustration of the pertinacity with which that tribunal pursued its victims, and of its vengeance knowing no respect of persons. Bartolomé de Carranza, (the historians seem pleased to give his name in full, not certainly

from any resemblance of character with his New Testament namesake,) was, in his beginning, a friar of the order of Preachers. He sat in the Council of Trent, and accompanied Philip II. to England, where he signalized himself by his anti-Protestant activity. His zeal and general eminence met their reward in his subsequent appointment to the archbishopric of Toledo. His fall, however, dates from only a few months later. He was consecrated at Brussels; and on his way to his diocese was directed by Philip to visit Charles V., who, on his abdication, had retired to the monastery of St. Yuste, in Estremadura, and who was now on his death-bed. Carranza had been all along one of the dying monarch's ecclesiastical favorites, for Charles was fond of pulpit eloquence, and had generally in attendance on him in his journeys some one or other of the most famous preachers of the day. What took place at this last interview between them has never been distinctly made known. Thus much is certain, that Carranza made no secret of his having adopted some of the leading Protestant tenets, and did his best to work the same conviction in Charles. Bishop Burnet and Mr. Coleridge incline to think he succeeded. At all events, the appropriate topics of the death-bed he drew from this source. In the course of the subsequent trial, it was alleged by Juan de Regla, Charles' confessor, as the evidence of an eye-witness, and not denied, that the archbishop absolved the monarch without the sacrament of Penance, subjoining this thoroughly Protestant, because scriptural, assurance:—"Your majesty may have the greatest confidence; for there is no sin, because the blood of Christ cleanseth from it." The confessor adds—and no wonder, considering the audience—"All present were scandalized at the hearing."

With regard to the precise cause of the archbishop's downfall, our author speaks mysteriously. We understand him, however, to imply that Carranza's behavior at the death-bed of Charles occasioned Philip's enmity against him. Immediately previous to this last visit—for it took place at Philip's desire—there could have been nothing of the sort. It is said, by one authority, that Philip even contemplated a process against his father, as having died in heresy, and was withheld only by the consideration that his own succession to the crown would be in consequence affected. There was, however, no impediment to his taking an unavowed vengeance on the subordinate instrument, as he considered Carranza to be, of his father's perversion. This we apprehend to be the most likely explanation. A pretext for attacking the archbishop was soon found. He had previously published a catechetical work, in the preface to which he states his object to be, "to explain to the people what is necessary for them as to their profession of the faith, and for this purpose to resuscitate the antiquity of our forefathers of the Primitive Church." Dangerous words, it seems, were these last, inasmuch as our author says all Protestants were then professing, in their writings, that their only object was to restore the Church to the vigor and integrity of the first ages. We, too, are familiar with the like pretensions in our own day; though, as compared with the former, these last may be considered as made in a "non-natural sense," when the purity and vigor of the early Church are sought in the fourth rather than in the apostolic century. The Catechism gave rise to a keen controversy. Indisputable that the archbishop

had used in it Protestant language, the only question was as to the *animus* with which this was done. His enemies alleged that he was thereby covertly insinuating Protestant doctrine; his friends, that having obtained permission from the authorities to read heretical books, in order to refute them, his style had become unconsciously colored by familiarity with these writings; nor had he been, they admitted, always sufficiently careful to discriminate between the error brought forward for confutation, and the truth as held by himself. The judges of the Holy Office supplied perhaps the most decided evidence against him, in alleging that the phraseology on doctrinal subjects used by all the heretics brought before them was explicitly that of the Catechism. The storm was fast thickening. A brief had been shortly before published by Paul IV.; and Valdez, the Inquisitor-General, determined on enforcing it by the arrest of Carranza. The details of the arrest are given by our author—for the first time, he says, published from a MS. in the Escorial. They remind us, in some particulars, of the sudden *coup* to which the fortress of Ham lately owed some of its most distinguished inmates. The picture, as sketched by M. de Cassaignac, of M. Thiers "soundly reposing behind scarlet damask curtains lined with muslin, and with a cotton nightcap drawn over his eyes," being roused by the commissary's entrance, is not more graphic than the one furnished in this passage:—

Ramirez and De Castro, with the *alguacil mayor* and a few of the assistants with wands, ascended the stairs, and, knocking at the door of the room where the friar Antonio Sanchez was sleeping, a voice from within answered, "*Who calls?*" To which those without replied, "*Open to the Holy Office!*" They then passed on to the chamber of the archbishop, when, having called, himself answered, "*Who is it?*" And they replied, "*The Holy Office!*" The archbishop threw back the curtains, and raised his head above the pillow in the bed. Rodrigo first entered, then Diego, and then the *alguacil mayor*, with six or eight men. Rodrigo approached the bed, and, after making a low bow, knelt down on the floor, and in tears thus addressed the archbishop:—"Most illustrious senor, your reverence will give me your hand, and pardon me." The archbishop answered, "*Why so, Rodrigo? pray rise.*" On which he beckoned the *alguacil* to come forward. The latter approaching, also said, "*Most illustrious senor, I am commanded by the Holy Office to make you its prisoner!*"

In one essential point, however, the archbishop fails as a parallel to M. Thiers. The latter took care to have all his secret correspondence out of his own keeping; but, unluckily, among the archbishop's papers were found, and for the most part in his own handwriting, a commentary on the Galatians, compiled from Luther's; another on the Epistle to the Romans, drawn from the same source; tracts on the Gospels, full of phrases and sentences belonging to Melancthon; in short, had there been any doubt beforehand as to the nature of the inspiration which dictated the famous Catechism, these discoveries set it at rest. We cannot further follow the narrative. After a trial before the Inquisition, procrastinated for more than seven years—after innumerable attempts on the part of his friends to procure his release, baffled by equal determination in the Holy Office, reluctant to let go its victim all the more on account of his high rank and character—Carranza and his cause were finally transferred to Rome, by express order of the Pontiff, Pius V. Before, however,

this could be accomplished, both the Inquisition and Philip had to be threatened with the extreme indignation of the Holy See. Pius V. was personally friendly to Carranza, but he died before the process was completed. The final award was given by his successor, Gregory XIII. Reckoning from his first arrest to the concluding sentence, Carranza had been in the fangs of the Inquisition for seventeen years; a wonderful instance of the power of that tribunal, in all causes and over all conditions of men truly supreme. Gregory condemned the doctrine of the Catechism; required Carranza's recantation of sundry heretical propositions; suspended him indefinitely from his ecclesiastical functions; and sentenced him to five years' confinement in a convent, on the supposition, considering his advanced age, of his not living so long. We have given these particulars of the judgment, as M. de Castro publishes them for the first time, and as even Ranke has fallen into the mistake of supposing that a formal sentence of death was pronounced on him by the Roman Inquisition. His end was still nearer than had been calculated on. Certain penances had been prescribed, and among them the visiting the shrines of sundry churches in Rome. The fatigue of this last, acting on a diseased habit of body, induced fever, from which he never rallied. He died in presence, we are told, of the Sacred Host, declaring that he had never fallen into heresy of any kind. On the other hand, Melchior Cano, his reputed greatest enemy, when asked on his death-bed whether he felt any compunction of mind for the part he had taken against Carranza, declared before the same sacred symbol that had he not denounced Carranza's propositions to the Holy Office, he could only now expect to go to perdition. The balances in such a case are fortunately not in human hands. Thus far we can see both were right—in their apparently acting at the last in the spirit of the apostle—"It is a small thing to be judged of you, or of man's judgment: He that judgeth me is the Lord."

We might select other narratives of individuals who at this period suffered for the faith. Indeed, the whole reign of Philip II. is full of such instances. Spain and Italy are the only countries where the priests have succeeded in extirpating the seeds of Protestantism. This, as we have said, is owing to the Inquisition; and the same result, doubtless, would have followed in France, had not the people resisted the attempts that were made by the court of Rome to introduce it into that country. The Protestants never succeeded, in the two former countries, in forming themselves into an organized community. Individuals, more numerous than is usually supposed, embraced the purer faith; but they stood comparatively alone, without sympathy or support, as not being members of a body, and were in consequence cut off in detail as they successively appeared.

We have already referred to one or two particulars affecting M. De Castro's qualifications as the writer of this volume. In conclusion, we may notice two of the points he has touched on in his preliminary view of the state of religion in Spain previous to the introduction of the reformed opinions. The subjects of themselves are not unconnected, for the actual position of the writer will influence the view he takes of the past as well as present history of his country. The translator of the work gives us to understand that M. De Castro is a resident in Spain, and that the original was

published at Cadiz simultaneously with the translation here. He adds—

In addition to what Senor de Castro has stated, in the last paragraph of his preface, with respect to his not having analyzed doctrines nor discussed religious questions, it may be remarked, that although the day is gone by, in Spain, for burning, or even imprisoning, what Romanists call *heretics*, yet even now, in this enlightened era, in the year of our Lord 1851, there remains, in the penal code of that country, an article which says, *He who shall publicly apostatize from the Catholic religion, shall be perpetually banished.*

Prudence forbids me to say what I know of the author's own religious views; but, as his labors are now before the world, I, as a reader, have a right to draw my own conclusions from them. The book is evidently written with great caution, and, possibly, with a view to future publications; for although, with the intrepidity of a champion for the truth, he dauntlessly comes up to, yet he never goes beyond, those bounds his country has prescribed as the extreme limits of its religious toleration. (To the reader, pp. ix. x.)

The author, in short, is very much in the situation of several of those whose history he details to us. This must be kept in mind by the reader of his book. It gives an uncertainty and want of firmness to the general views he furnishes of the religious condition of the country, which are unexceptionable as far as they go, but they do not reach deep enough. He tells us, for instance—

From a very remote period, Spain has had occasion to lament the scandalous disorders of the clergy. There was no species of vice or wickedness into which, unhappily, they did not fall. This was owing, in no small degree, to that power which they exercised over the minds of the common people, and even over those of the nobility—a power to be attributed, partly to the great advancement of the clergy in the study of letters, and partly to their ostentatious display of those dignities to which they had been promoted. (Preface, p. xvi.)

There is no doubt of the perfectly corrupt state of the Church of Spain. Our author here assigns some of the causes which occasioned it; though we question whether the operation even of those which he has adverted to, is fully explained. There is much that is interesting on this subject to be found in Mr. Prescott's *Life of Isabella*, in his account of the attempts made by Cardinal Ximenes, acting under her injunctions, to restrain these disorders. The usual consequences of aiming at an external reformation, without implanting the true motive of action, became immediately apparent in the prevalence of a morbid asceticism, equally distant as the former dissoluteness of manner from the New Testament standard of purity of life. It attained its height and produced its most abundant fruit in the spiritual exercises of Loyola, and in the rise of that Order which was to be the great antagonist of Protestantism. We lay little stress on the attacks which our author records as having been made by different contemporary writers on the corruptions of the priesthood. These attacks were equally prevalent in this country, when the Popish system was predominant and feared no rival. They were even permitted to, and indulged in by persons of all classes, to an extent we find it difficult to understand in the present day, when the tenth part of what Chaucer or Dante has written against the vices of the clergy would be sufficient to place their works in the "Index Expurgatorius." There must have been

something almost grateful to the clerical community, one is inclined to suppose, in such attacks, from their so quietly permitting them; and the explanation probably lay here, that the priesthood was thus brought out as it were as a caste, or peculiar body, wholly distinct and separate from the laity; the very exhibition of its corruptions served in a manner to illustrate and give prominence to the transcendental powers which it claimed. Mere praises of a devout and holy life would pass as a matter of course; but these men were great and all-powerful in spite of their sins. It was not thought then, as it is now, that their general unfitness for exercising the powers they laid claim to, was an argument against the existence of the powers themselves. They therefore permitted the circulation of profane ribaldry against the priesthood, anticipating from it, on the whole, no bad effects. This consideration should be kept in mind, when we hear of instances like that of "Pero Juan Rinz," the *Petronius* of Castilian poetry, severely satirizing the lewdness and covetousness of the clergy, and being allowed to do so unchecked.

As respects the translation of the Scriptures into Spanish, it is a curious fact, that while the Inquisition prohibited all prose translations, it offered no impediment when verse was the medium employed. Our author gives an instance of a poetical version into Castilian of the Book of Job being positively sanctioned, at the very time when translations of the same, already existing in prose, were placed in the "Index Expurgatorius." The explanation, according to our author, is, that the verse translation being of course not so literal as the prose one, the people were not thereby brought into direct contact with the Inspired Volume, nor could consequently turn it to so good account. The Protestant controversialist would be puzzled to quote chapter and verse, in the case of a composition moulded in the lofty style of Castilian poetry; he would be always liable to the retort of not being sure he had attained the real meaning, and might possibly be grounding himself on a mere uninspired metaphor. Even Berean zeal, in such circumstances, would have been at fault, had it been, not the Scriptures, but a poetical paraphrase, which they had "to search, and see whether these things were so."

We doubt, however, whether this fully accounts for the difference in the permission thus accorded. At all events, the consequence of forbidding prose translations of the Bible into Spanish are well worth notice. There was, of course, the unspeakable loss and damage to the nation at large in being debarred free access to the Word of Life. But a further evil was generated, and, by way of retribution, it fell on the language itself, whose instrumentality in the dissemination of the Truth was thus withheld. We allude to the difference which exists between Spanish and other modern tongues—English and German, for example—with reference to their powers of free and manly expression. In its elements and original structure, Spanish is a most rich and powerful vehicle of thought. In works of humor, it stands, we are told, unrivalled. But it is altogether defective in the higher qualities of style. The reason is, it possessed no great writer, at the period when the language was assuming a definite character, to give currency to and redeem from vulgar association its prevailing idioms. Above all, it had no translated Bible to call out its abundant stores, and to exalt and dignify its common words, in their being made the exponents of a book which, irrespective of its Divine

origin, was at once the most ancient, the most lofty, the most diversified in its subject-matter, of any. Our own language and the German have enjoyed this advantage, and have benefited accordingly. Still the influence required was of no common kind. The discussion does not belong to our present subject. It is enough to remark that the modern nations of Europe originated in conquest. The first consequence of successful invasion was the loss of the language of the conquered people; but the mutual wants of the conquerors and the conquered soon obliged them to contrive a clumsy mixture of their respective languages. Such is the humble origin of the best dialects of Europe. Now, the natural association of thought and feeling which such languages must for many centuries have conveyed, could be neither those of simplicity nor dignity. *Vulgar* was their name; and so long as their origin was kept in mind, the intellectual aristocracy of each country would shun, as a *misalliance*, the connection of their thoughts with the language of villeins and slaves. It requires but small acquaintance with literary history to know how aversive were all men of letters, till a comparatively late period, from writing in the vulgar tongue. Among the objections to a liturgy in the vulgar tongue, at the time of the Reformation, one was, that the Bible itself, if translated, would have a ludicrous effect. The objection seems strange to us; but it was then conscientiously entertained by many; and something of the same feeling, we are told, is experienced by persons who have constantly lived in countries where the Liturgy is in Latin, on their first hearing it in a modern language. Our reformers, however, persevered in what, in every view, was the right course; and the consequence was, uncongenial associations were gradually dispersed. In giving us a translated Bible, we owe them not merely the boon of hearing, each man for himself, "in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God;" they have, besides, in putting it to this use, imparted to our language its noblest and most distinguishing qualities, as an instrument of thought. Our "well of English undefiled" is mainly due to its proximity to "Siloa's brook that flows fast by the oracle of God."

THE daily papers announce the death, on the 29th of February, at a very advanced age, of Mr. John Landseer, line engraver, author, and father of three distinguished sons, Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A., Mr. Charles Landseer, R. A., and Mr. Thomas Landseer, the engraver. Mr. Landseer's best work in his art of engraving is, "The Dogs of St. Bernard," after the picture by his son, Sir Edwin—and perhaps his most valuable publication as an author is his volume of "Lectures on the Art of Engraving," delivered at the Royal Institution and published in 1807. Among his other works to be mentioned with approbation, we may add his series of engravings of lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, after Rubens, Rembrandt, Stubbs, &c., and his characteristic sketches of animals drawn and engraved by himself. Mr. Landseer was a careful archaeologist, and is known among antiquarians by his volume of "Sabaean Researches." He was also an associate engraver of the Royal Academy, succeeding Brown, the landscape engraver, in that situation after a deliberation of six years; many of the eminent engravers then, as now, declining to fill the subsidiary rank of associate engraver—the rules of the Academy not allowing engravers, however eminent, to obtain the higher honors of the Academy.—*Athenæum*.

From the Spectator.

LOED ALBEMARLE'S MEMOIRS OF ROCKINGHAM AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

THIS work, clever in its execution and interesting in its subject, is less a memoir of the excellent and able whig leader, the Marquis of Rockingham, and his contemporaries, than a sort of history of the reign of George the Third, from its commencement till the death of the Marquis of Rockingham in 1782, when he had for the second time become prime minister. The very name of the hero is unmentioned for the first seventy pages; he does not personally appear for nearly one third of the first volume, and he subsequently figures on the stage only when his own papers or his connection with the course of events induce his entrance. The portraits of many of his contemporaries, from Chatham and Newcastle down to some plain country gentleman or obsequious "king's friend," are painted as fully as those of Rockingham himself. The only thing which removes the work from a regular history is, that events are considered in reference to the papers at the author's command, or to their connection with the marquis and the "great ruling" families.

The book, however, is much more interesting than would be a regular life of an excellent man and a stanch and mediocre whig like the marquis, whose panegyrist was compelled to confine his "inscription" to virtuous and good intentions. In fact, the narrative is generally more pungent when the marquis is absent, and Lord Albemarle is painting portraits of sound whigs with huile parfumée or dipping his pencil into gall to depict Tories or "king's friends." This strong feeling of partisanship, not running to violence or pushed to an extreme which blunts the critical perception of the author, gives much spirit and pungency to the book. Numerous as have been the works written on the first twenty years of George the Third's reign, Lord Albemarle's may be perused with interest, and consulted with advantage for the information it furnishes.

For a large part of this information the author is indebted to family muniments. The Albemarle papers have furnished curious documents. Lord Fitzwilliam, the grand nephew of the Marquis of Rockingham, has placed the papers of the whig leader at the disposal of his biographer. He has been "further assisted by the kindness of the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Hardwicke," and several other individuals. Lord Albemarle has also perused with a judging eye the published correspondence and narratives relating to the period, and drawn his own conclusions from their statements. The work owes its attraction, however, to other characteristics. Lord Albemarle is of a species rare in these days; at least the individuals rarely exhibit themselves. He is a genuine whig of the old school, who "swears in the words of the master"—believes that the wars of the French revolution, and consequently of the empire, and indeed the empire itself, were caused by George the Third and Pitt, and would have been prevented by Fox—grieves over the apostasy of Burke and the *Reflections*—and judges the men of eighty or ninety years ago pretty much as they were judged by those whom they turned or kept out of place.

* Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries. With Original Letters and Documents, now first Published. By George Thomas Earl of Albemarle. In two volumes. Published by Bentley.

These opinions are of course traditional, and Lord Albemarle's work possesses many other proofs of his training besides his whiggery. He has family anecdotes and reminiscences of celebrated men, which impart life and personal character to his pages. His family tradition has further served him, by giving him an interest in the past equal to that which the generality take only in the present. The part borne by his grandfather, the friend of the Duke of Cumberland, and by his great uncles, in the wars and politics of the time, has not only turned his attention to their actions, but to the whole period and its actors, as an actual and living subject. This may produce prejudice and acrimony, but it imparts spirit.

Lord Albemarle has also a sharp and upon the whole a just judgment; a clear, terse style, with a little acid or "sal" to give it vitality; and though his political notions are of a past age, his manners and ideas are of the present. In method he is somewhat deficient, passing abruptly from one subject to another; but this is rather a theoretical fault as regards art than a defect to the reader. The work is essentially rather a commentary than a narrative, and the discursiveness gives it an untrammelled air.

It is a general opinion in the present generation that the influence of Bute ceased when he resigned; and some years ago Lord Brougham went so far as to say that Bute and the king never met again. Facts recorded in the Grenville papers throw very strong doubts on this notion, which are further confirmed by the present volumes. Bute was continually in town backwards and forwards; political go-betweens were flitting to and fro; and there is in this work a suspected or reported secret interview at Kew, which is as clear as "imputation and strong circumstances" can make it. The Protestant and Anti-French feeling of George the Third, thoroughly harmonizing with the national opinion in the early part of this century, gave him a popularity as an *English* king, which he certainly wanted for the first part of his reign, and which he certainly as little deserved. The hypocrisy and treachery, with which he was universally charged at the time, are confirmed more strongly by every fresh publication of original papers relating to the period. Those qualities were strongly indicated in Grenville's diary, and are shown more fully in this correspondence. In the volumes before us, the king is never mentioned except to connect him with some duplicity or treachery, some court intrigue, or some act to undermine the popularity of a public man by insidious favors or gifts. Rockingham, who was by nature mild and gentle, forced from the king three distinct memorandums, in his own handwriting, relative to the repeal of the Stamp Act, which the king permitted his ministers to propose, and then authorized Lord Strange to say that he had not consented. The papers, however, by Jesuitical art, do not amount to much, and in fact are the precise shuffle of which Walpole accuses his majesty.

Among Lord Rockingham's papers are the three following distinct avowals, in the royal handwriting, of the language attributed. It may, I think, be inferred, that they were obtained at three several audiences. That marked No. III. is on a small piece of paper, apparently part of the cover of a letter, and would seem as if the minister had determined not to quit the royal presence until he had secured "the word of a king."

Three Papers in the King's Handwriting.
I.

That Lord Rockingham was on Friday allowed by his majesty to say, that his majesty was for the repeal; the conversation having only been for that or enforcing.

II.

Lord Rockingham's question was, whether he was for enforcing the Stamp Act or for the repeal. The king was clear that the repeal was preferable to enforcing, and permitted Lord Rockingham to declare that as his opinion.

III.

Lord Rockingham—I desire you would tell Lord Strange, that I am now and have been heretofore for modification; but that when many were for enforcing I was then for a repeal of the Stamp Act.

When Rockingham again came into office to conclude peace with America, he seems to have got his stipulations from the king "in black and white." Indeed, among those who were *not* the "king's friends," it appears to have been an amusement to covertly *convict* his majesty. The grandfather of the present Earl of Albemarle writes as follows to his leader, soon after the dismissal of the ministry.

London, August 29th, 1766.

I was most graciously received at the levee—great inquiries about you, Wentworth, and the York races. I afterwards went into the closet with the window bill—repeated inquiries about your health, Wentworth, &c. I told his majesty how uneasy I had felt myself for some time, hearing, and from tolerably good authority, that his majesty was displeased with me. He seemed all astonishment, and wondered who could have told me so infamous a lie; that he had the greatest regard imaginable for me and all my family. I told him the charge was heavy; and though innocent I could not help repeating it to his majesty—namely, that I had proposed to him Colonel Hale's selling his regiment; that I had proposed to him the purchasing the second regiment of Guards, and my brother to succeed me in my regiment of Dragoons; that I had solicited Windsor Park in preference to his own family; in short, there was nothing during the late administration I had not asked for, either for myself or family. He said he was greatly incensed against the authors; that he wished he knew them; that people in general were so false and mischievous, that he wondered I could be a moment uneasy about the report. I said I was now happy with so great and good an authority to contradict the lies. His majesty was most confoundedly confused, and so I left him.

There is a long memorandum of the Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden, in reference to the negotiations with Pitt in April and May, 1765, which the duke undertook by command of his nephew; going for that purpose to Hayes to the wonder of the world, as Pitt could not or would not come to town. The Great Commoner, though declining with his usual stiff pompous humility, does not seem to have given personal offence; which is more than can be said for the demeanor and demands of Temple.

While I was at dinner, the Lord Temple sent to inform me of his arrival in town. I desired him to meet me at my house at six that evening. At six we accordingly met, and I cannot help saying that I think he was more verbose and pompous than Mr. Pitt; nor do I think so near concluding. I again stated to him his majesty's situation, displeased with his present ministers, both for their behavior in the closet and that the king found them extremely dila-

tory in public affairs. Wherefore his majesty had chalked out for the beginning of an arrangement, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Charles Townshend, Secretaries of State; The Earl of Northumberland, First Lord of the Treasury; the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Temple, one President, the other Privy Seal; and Lord Egremont, First Lord of the Admiralty; and had been pleased to order me to treat with him and Mr. Pitt, as well as with those lords that formed the head of the whip party, whom the king looked upon as his best friends, and who had always supported his royal family. He made great expressions of duty, deprecating any public situation whatever; but at the end of a very long and tedious conversation he desired to ask three questions. The *first* was, whether it was his majesty's intention to restore the officers of the army and others. The *second*, that satisfaction must be made to the public for the warrants, favor shown to Lord Chief Justice Pratt, and the system of affairs at home must be entirely changed. The *third*, that they might know the situation of foreign affairs, to see whether there was still a possibility of following what they thought the only true system for this country. But even then, supposing the answers from his majesty should be both favorable and gracious, they gave me no latitude whatever to assure his majesty of their readiness to come into his service. I strongly represented to them the impropriety, in any negotiation whatsoever, but much more so when it was with the king; that as to the *first* question, I need not ask it, as I had his majesty's most gracious promise on that, without my having asked it. That as to the *second* proposition, I could assure him it was the king's intention to do handsomely by Lord Chief Justice Pratt, which was the strongest proof his majesty could give to his people, when he supported by favors those judges who should dare stand up for the defence of the liberties of his subjects; and that, therefore, I should hope less or nothing need be said in Parliament relative to this affair; as it was never the duty of any well-wisher to king or constitution to venture to trace exactly the law boundaries of the king's prerogative, or the privilege of his people.

These Memoirs contain many more passages of considerable historical interest; many clever portraits of well-known or half-forgotten characters; and letters from politicians of the day, which in the case of Sir George Savile show high principle and a far reach of mind. We prefer using the room at our disposal for the author's own reminiscences. These are his boyish recollections of Junius' Duke of Grafton.

George Bloomfield, the elder brother of Robert, the "Farmer's Boy," thought that, in the books published by his brother, "the great and truly good man, the late Duke of Grafton, ought to have been more particularly mentioned. Surely," continues George Bloomfield, "after near thirty years, the good sense and benevolence of that real noble man may be mentioned. When, in my boyhood, he held the highest office in the state that a subject can fill, and, like all that attain such preëminence, had his enemies, yet the more Junius and others railed at him, the more I revered him. He was our 'lord of the manor'; and, as I knew well his private character, I have no doubt that he was 'all of a piece.' I have on foot joined the fox-chase, and followed the duke many an hour, and witnessed his endearing condescension to all who could run and shout."

There was, however, a portion of society not of an age and size to participate in the Duke of Grafton's favorite amusement, and these were not so honored as George Bloomfield; and it is to that portion I then belonged. His grace was not fond of children; they came in for no share of his "endearing condescension." I have a lively recollection of the awe with

which he inspired me. As the duke's and my father's country-houses in Suffolk were only four miles distant and the families were on intimate terms, I had frequent opportunities of seeing him during the first twelve years of my life. On some occasions I saw him in the luncheon-room at Euston Hall; but this was a rare occurrence, for I was generally hurried out of the room whenever he was expected. I used mostly to meet him riding; he was usually mounted on a fiery thoroughbred horse, on which he sat with much ease and dignity. I know not how far local traditions may have mixed with personal recollections, but the "mind's eye" presents the picture of an elderly gentleman, of spare form, middle stature, straight silver hair, a prominent nose, and a countenance of much severity, and dressed in a light-colored, tight-fitting coat, long black boots, and a small three-cornered hat. But it was not to us little people only that the "Junius Duke of Grafton" was formidable. From the accounts I have heard of his nephew, the late General William Fitzroy, give of him, he was evidently an object of terror to "children of a larger growth."

The following exhibits Fox in his decline, as goodnatured and as simple as ever; and, by the by, taking his ministerial burden easy.

The period of our visit was the spring of 1806, not long before that attack of illness which a few months later consigned the great statesman to the tomb. Although in excellent health at the time we were at St. Anne's Hill, Mr. Fox was even then unable to walk, and was always wheeled about in a chair; indeed, I never saw him except in a sitting posture. The dark black hair of the eyebrows, cheeks, and head, which, in the early caricatures obtained for him the designation of "Niger," had given place to a silver white. His dress was a light-gray single-breasted coat, with large white metal buttons, a thick woollen waistcoat, drab kerseymere breeches, dark worsted stockings, and shoes coming up to the ankles. His first appearance in a morning was at the children's one o'clock dinner; and that meal was no sooner despatched than the prime minister and his youthful guests would adjourn to the lawn before the house, and devote the remainder of the evening to trap-ball, Mr. Fox having always the innings, and we boys the bowling and fagging out. My father has often mentioned to his children the boyish eagerness and delight with which Fox used to enter into the game.

Here are some traditions relating to one of the great guns of the house of Albemarle, Admiral Keppel.

As the name of William Pitt will not again occur in these pages, I may here advert to his declaration on the 8th of March, 1782, that "he would never accept of a subordinate situation under government." He had scarcely, however, made the announcement, than he seems to have been seized with some misgivings. For he inquired of Admiral Keppel, who was sitting next him, whether he had said too much. "I think you have," was the reply. "Shall I rise to explain?" asked Pitt. "No," replied the admiral, "Parliamentary explanations are best avoided." Pitt acted upon the suggestion, allowed his words to go unretreated, and in less than two years he displayed in his own person

A sight to make surrounding nations stare—
A kingdom trusted to a schoolboy's care.

The other candidate to whom I would allude is Admiral Keppel; who had represented the borough of Windsor since the year 1761. Shortly after the dissolution, he presented himself before his former constituents, but found another candidate in the field—Mr. Powney, a gentleman set up in opposition to

him by the court. The power of the crown, strong everywhere, might naturally be supposed too mighty in such a town as Windsor; yet Keppel lost his election only by sixteen votes. On his speech from the hustings, at the close of the poll, after alluding to a report that the king had personally taken a part against him, Keppel said—"This cannot be true; it ought not to be believed; it must not be believed."

This innuendo will be explained by a family tradition. The king is said to have canvassed for votes in person against the admiral. One elector, a silk-mercer, and a stout Keppelite, stated that his majesty, in canvassing him, said, in his usual quick manner, "The queen wants a gown—wants a gown—no Keppel!—no Keppel!"

Soon after the contest at Windsor, a large deputation of the Surrey electors invited Keppel to be put in nomination for their county. He consented, and obtained a majority of five hundred and sixteen votes over the government candidate.

Keppel, writing to Lord Rockingham, on the 11th of October, says—"The Surrey voters, that came from Windsor and about that place, returned with the utmost speed to announce my victory to the inhabitants of Windsor. The cannon were soon firing and the bells ringing; and almost every house was lighted. I have been told that his majesty said that it would possibly be 'a busy night,' and had recommended a sergeant and twelve privates, with loaded arms, to patrol the streets. The following day the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick took the most undisguised pains to express to every friend of mine their extreme satisfaction upon my success; and to one friend—I believe more than one—they said, we have had a most complete victory."

To this account of the conduct of the two princes here mentioned, I may add, that his royal highness, the late Duke of Sussex, himself told me that he had been locked up in the nursery at Windsor for wearing Keppel colors.

In the latter part of the work there are several letters, of a rather jogtrot kind, relating to the state of parties, and to the questions of parliamentary reform and pledges from members, which were then for the first time beginning to occupy the public mind. Those from some of the leading men, especially from Rockingham, are very whiggish, and a little temporizing too; but they are chiefly curious as showing how easy it is to find arguments. Taking it altogether, this book is the most amusing work based upon original papers that has appeared for some time.

SONNET

BY ANNA H. PHILLIPS.

'T is said a cunning florist, long ago,
Wrought of rare flowers, of varied form and hue,
A dial wondrous beautiful and true;
Whose ranged buds, from morning's waking glow
Till evening bowed the last faint petal low,
Oped to each hour in turn their hearts of dew,
Marking, with bloom and beauty ever new,
The steps of Time, that flower-ensnared, grew slow.
So fair a dial is thy heart, dear friend,
So wondrous in its sweetness, truth, and bloom—
So doth it, hourly, love's rich fragrance send
Alike o'er days of sunshine and of gloom—
So in thy presence, evermore by flowers,
Do we who love thee count the passing hours.

National Era.

From Chambers' Journal.

CHINESE PORCELAIN-SEALS FOUND IN IRELAND.

Of all the curious remains which have been found in the sister-country, none are enveloped in greater mystery than the porcelain-seals which have lately come to light. The first public notice of them, we believe, was in the year 1840, when Mr. Huband Smith, of Dublin, called the attention of the Irish Academy to the fact, that about a dozen seals, bearing ancient Chinese characters, had been found within the last few years in various parts of Ireland, and in situations which precluded the supposition that they were of modern introduction; opening a wide field for conjecture as to the time when they made their way into this country. The matter was taken up by several zealous antiquaries in Ulster, whose farther researches have increased the number fourfold; and lest these remains should come to be confounded with importations consequent on our recently-established intercourse with the Celestial Empire, a complete catalogue has been made of them, the history of each has been investigated and chronicled, and its present resting-place registered. Not only have the most eminent Chinese scholars in this country been consulted about them, but impressions of the greater part have been transmitted to China itself for explanation. The result of the whole investigation was laid before the Literary Society of Belfast on the 6th May, 1850, by Edmund Getti, Esq.,* and it embraces some curious and interesting particulars.

Each of these seals consists of a perfect cube, with the figure of a Chinese monkey sitting upon it by way of handle; and they are all so exactly like each other in size, shape, and general appearance, as to be undistinguishable except by the inscriptions on the under surface. The material is porcelain; and from the great degree of heat to which they must have been subjected, and the vitrification which has in some measure taken place in consequence, they are as indestructible by corrosion or other operation of time as the glass and porcelain ornaments which are found in the mummy-cases of Egypt. The inscriptions are in the Chuentze or ancient seal character of China, which, though as old as the days of Confucius—five or six centuries before the Christian era—is often used at the present day on the seals both of public functionaries and private individuals, in the same way that we employ the black-letter of our Gothic ancestors for fancy purposes.

These inscriptions seem to be as numerous and varied as those on our own fancy seals and wafers; and they have often as little apparent connection with a written correspondence. Such are "Yih tsaon ting" ("A portico of straw"), alluding to the sheds erected on the roads for the accommodation of travellers; "Shan Kaon shwuy shang" ("High mountains and long streams"). Sometimes they are sentimental mottoes, and sometimes they appear to be mere proper names, and difficult of explanation. On a comparison of five sets of translations now before us, one of which is by the late lamented Dr. Gutzlaff, we select a few of the mottoes which seem to be the least ambiguous, judging from the unanimity of the translators.

"Ying fung lung yue" ("Singing in the breeze and playing under the moon"), an allusion to people amusing themselves out of doors in a cool moon-

light night. "Hoo fung" ("sealed or shut"). Several Eastern nations despatch their letters without any kind of paste or wax; but they write a curse or ill-omen to him who shall violate their secrecy. It is said that in ancient times the Chinese secured their missives merely by stamping or writing on the outside the words—"closed," "sealed," or "shut." In our day they generally paste down the flap of the envelope with a few grains of boiled rice, and stamp it with a red ink or thin paste, in the same way that our postmasters do—one half of the impression being on the flap, and the other on the main part of the envelope. Hence Mr. Meadows translates this inscription "Protecting the closure." Another motto is—"Schway lo shih chuh" ("When the water falls, the stones appear"); perhaps a metaphorical way of expressing that the truth of a case comes to light through the removal of obscuring circumstances; or, as some think, an adage equivalent to the Latin one—"Gutta cavat lapidem," and intended to convey the idea of constancy or perseverance. Two of the seals bear the motto rendered a "pure heart"; another has—"Tsun sin tseen le" ("An inch-long heart extending a thousand le"), which one translator deems equivalent to "My little heart goes a thousand le to meet you;" while by another it is thought to allude to the thoughts of friends reaching each other at the greatest distances by means of writing. "Tuy ke keih jin" ("Put one's self in another's place"), refers to a Confucian aphorism which is equivalent to the Christian one—"Do as you would be done by." "Wei che sze yay" ("Men do not think of it"—virtue), is a quotation from the "Sun yu" of Confucius. And lastly, "Tsaec schway yih fang" ("Must be in the neighborhood of the water"), is a quotation from a Chinese ode, in which a man not seeing his friend conjectured where he may be.

These curious seals, amounting to about fifty, have been found at various times, and in localities very distant from each other. The one registered as No. 7 was discovered about seventy years ago by a turf-cutter in a bog in Queen's County; No. 5 was found at no great depth near the town of Carlow, on the site of an old road which led to the Roman Catholic burying-ground, but which has been closed since the year 1798; No. 12 was dug up about forty years ago, in taking out the roots of an old pear-tree in an orchard in the County Down, and from the age of the tree it must have lain there a long time before its discovery; No. 26, now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, was found in 1833 in a ploughed field near Borris-O-Kane, County Tipperary; No. 3 in the parish of Killyleagh, County Down, in a piece of ground which was overgrown with furze, and appeared never to have been cultivated; it is in the Belfast Museum; No. 13 has been in the possession of a private family in Dublin for at least seventy or eighty years, but there is no record of its previous history; No. 45 was found about the year 1805 in a cave near the mouth of Cork Harbor; and No. 50 about ten years ago, immediately outside Cahir Castle. Some human bones were found with this seal, but they mouldered to dust on exposure to the atmosphere.

The interesting question is: How or when did these seals find their way to Ireland? The specimens themselves furnish no clue to their antiquity; for their substance is absolutely imperishable, while

* Notices of Chinese Seals found in Ireland, read before the Belfast Literary Society, by Edmund Getti, M. R. I. A. Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co.

* A le is about a third of an English mile

"the character," says Sir J. F. Davis, "is sufficiently ancient for any assignable date within our reach." When they were first introduced to public notice, a correspondent of the "Athenaeum," said to be a Chinese scholar, irreverently declared them to be "evidently a hoax"—modern importations purchased in London, and sown in Ireland for the benefit of the Academy. The native antiquaries, shocked at his presumption, appealed to Sir J. F. Davis, who quite agreed with them, that even were these seals like those recently brought from China—which they are not—no one "would be so 'superfluous' as to journey about the most distant localities for the purpose of hiding them in those peat-bogs, burial grounds, and beds of rivers, where mere chance had led to their discovery;" and if not of modern, it almost necessarily follows that they must have been of very ancient introduction. It has been supposed by others that they may have been introduced accidentally in tea-chests; but if so, it is strange that none but Irish packages should have contained them. Another conjecture is, that they may have been brought to this country by individuals connected with Lord Macartney's embassy in 1792; but it is to be noted that no such seals are found in his lordship's own collections of Chinese curiosities, which are still preserved by his representatives. In fact, not a single specimen of the same kind has been found in any modern collection. Seals of steatite, generally of long rectangular form—not cubical—with an animal at one end, and either with or without inscriptions, are in common use in China, and large numbers of them have been brought to England. "But this," says an Irish antiquary, "can have nothing to say to our porcelain-seals, which most evidently have been cast in moulds, and are quite too hard and brittle to admit of the operation of carving, by which ornaments of agalmatolite have been generally produced—a circumstance which alone would make it highly improbable that they would, if buried for any considerable length of time, preserve in any degree their original form."

A diligent search has been made in the curiosity-shops of London, and in other places where sailors would be likely to dispose of articles brought from foreign lands, but only one specimen could be found similar to those under consideration; and the shopkeeper being urged to say how he had obtained it, stated that he had bought it from a person who told him that it had been found in Ireland. Subsequent information led to the belief that it had been one of four sold out of a private collection in Dublin.

The antiquaries who have taken so much trouble on this subject, fondly cling to the persuasion, though they express it with great modesty, that these seals may be vestiges of the ancient Phœnician commerce with our western shores. There seems little doubt that there was in early times an overland trade between the Celestial Empire and the countries adjacent to Phœnicia, and in communication with it. Vases unquestionably Chinese have been discovered in the tombs of Egypt; and Pliny, with other Roman authors, mentions certain murrhine cups or vases, which appear to have been identical with Chinese porcelain. They were introduced at Rome by Pompey after the Mithridatic war, and became articles of luxury among the wealthier Roman nobles, who gave enormous prices for them, on account of their fragility, taken in connection with the immense distance of the Eastern country whence they were said to come.

It is certainly strange, be it remarked, that the relics found in Ireland are seals and not cups, perfume bottles, coins, medals, or any other usual article of commerce.

It is to be hoped that the intercourse now opened with China may throw some light on this subject. It can probably be ascertained whether such seals as we have described are now found there; and if so, whether they are considered to be of ancient or modern manufacture. Even if the latter prove to be the case, however, it would not materially weaken the presumption of the antiquity of those now brought to light, considering that the Chinese preserve the customs of the remotest periods, as well as their antiquarian remains, with a religious care and veneration unequalled among any other people.

A School Atlas of General and Descriptive Geography; exhibiting the Actual and Comparative Extent of all the Countries in the World, with their present Political Divisions; founded on the most recent Discoveries and Rectifications. By Alex. Keith Johnston, F. R. S. E., Geographer in Ordinary to her Majesty for Scotland, &c.

A School Atlas of Physical Geography; illustrating, in a series of Original Designs, the Elementary Facts of Geology, Hydrology, Meteorology, and Natural History. By Alex. Keith Johnston, F. R. S. E., &c.

THESE two publications are important contributions to educational literature; distinguished for new matter as well as for a better mode of presenting the old to the eye, and for facilitating reference, which in maps is all in all. The *School Atlas of General and Descriptive Geography* brings down its information to the latest period; but this, though an important, is a very small part of its merit. Let the atlas be opened at any part, the examiner is immediately struck with the clearness of the engraving, the vividness of the coloring, and a definite distinctness which gives an air of almost beauty to the map, in part arising from the neatness of the engraver, in part from the new mode adopted of printing in colors. On looking further, it is found that all water, whether a mighty ocean or a slender stream, is printed throughout in one uniform tint of blue, so that the eye instantly perceives the proportionate masses of land and water, while it can readily follow every river from its source to its embouchure. The space usually left vacant on the border-frame of the map is filled up with the names of the adjacent countries, and the capitals and seaports that correspond in latitude. The maps are larger than those in general use, and are drawn to a series of scales; thus, the maps of the British Isles are each thirty-seven miles to an inch—France, Switzerland, Belgium, and the other principal countries of Europe, seventy miles to an inch, and so on; and this scale is stated on the map as well as in a table. There is an elaborate index of names of places, and the maps are more numerous than in many educational atlases—twenty-two in number.

The *Physical School Atlas* is upon the plan of Mr. Johnston's two larger works, and presents in seventeen maps of great beauty the various natural features or phenomena of the globe. Three maps are devoted to hydrology; exhibiting the ocean currents, the lakes and river systems of the world. Seven are assigned to geology in a large sense; three to meteorology; four to natural history, or the distribution of vegetable and animal life, the races of man, and the different forms of religion over the globe. There is also a frontispiece, showing the various signs and modes of engraving in cartography.—*Spectator*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

LORD ELDON was tormented to write an account of his Life and Times. He had two incentives for compliance, leisure and resentment. But the facts were dry, and the line between what might and what might not be told too difficult for a garrulous pen to draw. Of course he declined to write. They then placed a volume of anecdotes before him—*anecdotes of events and persons of his time*—and blank leaves were inserted between the pages. This the old man could not resist. Each anecdote suggested corrections, confirmation, or contradiction; and the mention of each name called forth an opinion or an illustration; and thus something was gleaned from the storehouse of Lord Eldon's reminiscences.

Without Lord Eldon's eminence or opportunities, I should be glad to hang my recollections upon any row of pegs; although my first, that is my earliest, were in a world which has long ceased to be. What a mutable time! Our fathers, who saw political daylight through the first dawn of the American quarrel, saw themselves going through the long French war to its very conclusion, associated with the same names, and surrounded by the same faces. Now one generation knows not another. They are swept away, like a service of French dishes, and new ones are laid upon the table, to be admired, discussed, to be devoted, and to disappear in their turn. Think of the two Pitts, father and son, influencing the councils and guiding the fortunes of England for three quarters of a century, from 1735 to 1807. Look at the Jenkinson, father and son; the latter starting from nothing, as private secretary to the favorite, Lord Bute, and then creeping gradually up the ladder of office till he soon became its head, and reigned in Pitt's place. Contemplate the Dundases, the Ryders, the Bathursts; some of them brilliant trees, like forest ones, with few flowers and no fruit, but with roots that defied the tempest of opposition. Our friend, Dizzy, may quiz the Tadpoles and the Tapers as he will; but I can tell him, that the Tadpoles and the Tapers of that time had *stamina* in them, more than I can see in the very leaders and flash orators of the present day.

The prejudice seems, that the politicians of the ultimate and penultimate generation were a set of very stupid and very selfish fellows, who established a monopoly for themselves—a kind of official bed of roses on which they fattened, and where they became monstrously rich, at the expense of the state and out of the bowels of the tax-payers. Now the truth is, that for the last hundred years I know of no family that has acquired wealth by politics, nor that has had anything like that direct promotion or greatness, that the Cecil, and the Russell, and the Villiers had, out of the munificence of Elizabeth, or Henry, or James.

Take all the Pittite families—those who held the destinies and the purse-strings of England all through the most expensive and prodigal of wars—Did they feather their nests? There are few remains now of either nests or feathers; none of them grew rich, at least by politics. No great fortunes in our times or in theirs have been amassed in office; whilst the talents and opportunities for making a fortune in any other walk of life have invariably been thrown away.

Look at Stowe and Wotton, and think of the Grenvilles and the Temples. Can we have a more striking example? Here is a family of gentlemen, brothers, cousins, relatives, obtaining by marriage a chief of great wealth, Lord Cobham, who directs the ambition of the whole family to politics. His ally, William Pitt, the finest genius of the age, who married their sister, became the first lord and the great commoner. They rule together, and when they are overthrown,

there is another brother, a Grenville, ready to take their places, he having acquired the political knowledge, suppleness, and connexions, which they wanted.

The records of the Grenville family are now in course of publication, and full they are of instruction, a picture of official character and a review of official life. These volumes tell how George the Third would not permit the great Chatham to humble France, destroy her navies, and conquer the colonies of Spain; and how the same king, who, for mere love of peace, did this, forced George Grenville to provoke a war with America, by which England lost her own colonies, and her military reputation with them. To this lesson of royal nature, these volumes add many more of political and official bearing. There can be nothing more manifest than that Pitt made the fortune of the Grenvilles, great and small, and yet these papers contain a long and memorable statement by George Grenville, proving, or seeking to prove, that Pitt owed all to the Grenvilles, the Grenvilles nothing to him.

How remarkable is the liking that George the Third at first took to George Grenville, as a man cold, methodical, obstinate, solemn and ratiocinating as himself; and how the monarch, who admired these qualities at a distance, found their influence intolerable in close contact. George the Third became in fact somewhat reconciled to Lord Chatham, whose proud and intelligent spirit exercised a tyranny over him, by finding that a dull, solemn fool like Grenville could be just as great a tyrant, and considerably a greater bore.

There is no current sentiment of the present day, that so stirs my bile, as the universal and almost successful effort of the whigs to depreciate Lord Chatham. Mr. Macaulay proposes, Lord John Russell seconds, and Lord Albemarle, in his recent "Memoir of Lord Rockingham," carries the condemnation of Lord Chatham. I must own, that when I behold the essays of Macaulay upon Lord Chatham sold at railroad stations for a few pence, and destined to spread a knowledge of English history and English heroism amongst the people; when I see his powerful genius exercise criticism to disrobe, depreciate, and destroy the noblest and proudest name on the list of the political geniuses of the country, I am seized with indignation. The writers of no nation in the world, save our own, would thus befall their own nest. What Frenchman would devote a book to expose and exaggerate the foibles of Sully, Richelieu, or Colbert, or those capricious weaknesses that marred the true greatness of Choiseul?

And, after all, what was the great crime of Lord Chatham? Simply that he would not amalgamate with a body, that called itself exclusively the whigs. The Dukes of Newcastle and of Bedford, the two great magnates of the whig party, deserted Pitt in 1761, and sacrificed him most basely to the rising ascendancy of the favorite, Bute. And on that account the whigs of the present day bear him rancor. The tenacity and folly of Newcastle and of Bedford, who had no sooner sacrificed Pitt to Bute, than they were sacrificed by Bute to his own vanity, utterly broke up and ruined the whig party, if that could be called a party, which followed the lead of such nonentities as the Duke of Devonshire of that day, and the Marquis of Rockingham. Burke, who wore the collar of the latter, was the first who opened the whig bow-wow at Lord Chatham; and every whig writer has reëchoed the same down to our time.

The fault and the curse of George the Third's reign was the party which he was enabled to form soon after his accession—the party of king's friends, who looked to the monarch seriously as a source of perpetual wisdom, and who placed their loyalty, not in protecting the rights and privileges of the crown, in supporting its dignity and power, but in rendering the personal will of the sovereign, the rule of all

things in and out of Parliament. We need not now say, that they lost us America, placed us in antagonism with France and with Ireland, drove from the councils and direction of the state every man of ability and spirit, and, at the most active period of European politics, placed the power and the finances of England in the hands of a man, far too young in judgment and experience, whatsoever his other talents, to be aware of the consequences of his own decision. It is notorious, that the younger Pitt embarked in the French war, with ideas of the present, and hopes of the future, as remote from reality and truth, as the Arabian Nights are from every-day facts.

The personal influence of the king and king's friends begat all this. And these the elder Pitt would have prevented in 1761, had the whigs been true to him. Is it to be wondered, then, that when the whigs came in, under no more efficient leaders than Conway and Rockingham, and then most completely at the mercy of the king's friends in the carrying of every measure—is it to be wondered, that Lord Chatham had have nothing to say to them, seeing that they were allowing the king's friends to clinch, in 1766, the nail which they had driven in 1761?

What an unhappy king was George the Third! He began his reign amidst a series of unexampled victories. Every post brought a conquest; a province one day, a West Indian Island the next; Lord Clive sent him a continent! But young George turned in disgust from the enjoyment that most sovereigns prize. He scorned Victory when she came to him. And Victory, like a young goddess, offended at the slight, seldom came to the court of George the Third again, at least not as long as George the Third had a sound intellect. What would he have given, in 1800, for even a sprig of those laurels, which he rejected in 1761, because culled by the hands of Chatham!

There was a breathing-time from the close of the American war to the commencement of the French. The moral thermometer, I have heard, was high in these years. People very soon recovered their disgraces in America, which were after all achieved upon us by our own race. They soon forgot the war, however; and the grand idea of the age was reform and improvement, in the representation, in political economy, in religion, in finance. There was not a statesman who had not found the philosopher's stone, and in it a panacea for the ills of political humanity. Fox was for converting the East into a ministerial apannage, and removing the home end of the siphon of wealth from Leadenhall to Whitehall. Pitt was for refining Parliament by squashing all the boroughs, and filling the House of Commons with "fine old country gentlemen." Wilberforce was for reforming the luxurious and jovial habits of the rich, and tried to import Puritan independence from over the Atlantic; and clever Englishmen and Scotchmen of that day were embryo Louis Blancs, wild for a socialist republic. Stern reality exploded amongst their dreams. Each hoped, at the first outbreak of the French Revolution, to find his account in it. All were sooner or later disappointed. Nor was Pitt less disappointed, who hoped to see the realization of his father's great dream, viz., to throw France on its back, like a turtle. Unfortunately, it was England that was soon to resemble the turtle, more than France. The king lost his reason, the minister his life; around was an ocean of anarchy, which well nigh overwhelmed those who had helped to raise, and dared to embark on it.

My senses first awoke to what was passing in the world, in the midst of that fearful war which had set the continent in flames, its light and lurid interest being reflected from every countenance in these islands. Very schoolboys devoured the newspapers, and snatched the *Courier*. One might compare

England during the first ten years of this century to a guard-house, a very splendid one, in which men delighted to wake and watch, in order to be ready to repel an enemy, still whiling away the night in all the enjoyment that excitement suggested, and that luxury could afford. There was a well of hope now rising in the midst of public despondency; for, however weak the credit of the nation, never were found means more ample—rents great, people loyal, wages ample, plenty to do, and plenty to spend—John Bull never inquired further.

I heard of battles, victories, and defeats, and marked the grave impression that they made. No feat or fortune of war, however, made so great a sensation as George the Fourth's conduct on succeeding to power as regent. For half a century the political struggle had not been so much between whig and tory, though both these rival banners were the most spoken of, as between king's friends and independent Tories. From the commencement of the century Pitt had ceased to be a king's friend. He was succeeded in the royal affection by Addington. The talent of the tory party thus went all one way, and its loyalty the other.

George the Fourth knew what talent was. None enjoyed it more in social converse; and he had ample choice of it in tory as well as whig. He knew Wellesley as well as Moira, Canning as well as Sheridan. But the farther his royal head got into the crown, the narrower did it become, till the once generous prince was a mass of personality and pettiness. He was an Epicurean without the generosity of one; and, although he had not the same idea that his father had, of making his political will a law, which was to rescue the state by every one's rallying to it; he still resented any difference of opinion with him as a personal affront. He, therefore, lost to him the talent of all the parties that had governed England. He that was successful in wars abroad, and in Parliament at home—what need was there of talent? George the Fourth, who had learned to disbelieve in human virtue, now doubted the advantage of even genius. Stupidity and suppleness were better.

How discontented were the minds of young and clever Tories in subordinate places! There was no chance of rising. The official aristocracy of the Jenkinson and Bathursts was as exclusive and imperious as any whig duke that ever bullied a Hanoverian king. And there were several singing birds in the tory cage who were forbidden to let a single note be heard. Amongst these caged birds were Mr. Croker and Lord Palmerston, both ambitious, both eager to be all and everything, and knowing themselves infinitely cleverer than the premier in all the dignity of pigtail. But Lord Liverpool hated Croker, and Palmerston trembled before him like a little boy. As Canning disliked Croker as much as Lord Liverpool did, there was small chance for the Admiralty secretary, notwithstanding his connexion with Lord Hertford, and through Lord Hertford with the premier. The dislike of the Tadpoles and Tapers to Croker, was greatly owing to his being given to wield that mysterious and vulgar weapon, the pen. And although he did use the said weapon with power and malignity, it was always in favor of the tory cause and tory party, and in vituperation of their enemies. Still the Jenkinson and Bathursts were afraid of the penman. Canning's humor and his epigrams were dangerous enough; a double of them in the same administration was too much.

The Duke of Wellington was more discerning and generous than any of his colleagues. Lord Palmerston was peculiarly attached to him, and the duke liked both him and Croker. But the duke, though supreme in the field, felt himself but a subaltern in the cabinet, did just what he was bid, without daring to have an opinion—witness his mission to Verona—and left the high matters of state, and state patron-

age, to men far less capable, far less liberal, and far less honest, to wield them. Had Peel at that time any tact or any far views, he would have rallied to the side of the Duke of Wellington, inspired him with ideas, and pushed him forward. Instead of that, Peel pinned himself to the skirts of old Eldon; and instead of his arousing the duke out of the slumbrous darkness of pure toryism, it was the duke who shook him. It was, indeed, his making part of the bullion committee, that first destroyed Peel's veneration for pure toryism, and made him disbelieve in the all-sapient of Vansittart. But it was the military duke, strange to say, that first taught Peel to look upon questions of religious legislation, for example, with the eye of a practical man and a soldier. Every man must recollect what the duke said in the House of Lords in 1829. He said that he had never opposed the Catholics for their believing in transubstantiation; his sole objection to them was their church government, to deal with which was a matter of political expediency. Here all the high church principles of Peel and Gladstone melted down in a very small crucible. These few sentences give a complete idea of the duke's political theology. Mr. Peel evidently took it as his own, as far more practicable than what he had been used to.

George the Fourth's aversion to Peel was singular. That he should dislike Canning and Brougham for sympathizing with his queen—that he should hate the whigs because he had wronged and been ungrateful to them, was natural. But Peel was just the man for the now tory monarch to have trusted to. But Peel was a political puritan, awkward and in-kneed. The gentleman prince considered the walk of Peel across a room as a feat which it was prodigious amusement to get him to repeat. So was he taken by superficialists.

This chapter has been rather a serious one, recording more what has been heard and heard repeated than seen. I may close this epoch with 1815, and cannot better terminate it than by relating an anecdote of that period, and of the momentous event which closed it and the war.

When Napoleon made his sudden and startling advance upon Belgium, surprising and beating the Prussians at Quatre Bras, and driving them in one direction, whilst the English retreated in another, there was of course alarm in all those who witnessed the military operations, and gave written accounts from them. Anxiety, not to say panic, was great in London and nowhere greater than in ministerial circles. Two members of Parliament—Fitzgerald was the name of one of them—had seen the advance of the French, and had come through the retreating masses of the British. They knew not what to make of it, and thought that their rank and importance entitled them to go to the duke and ask him the meaning of all this. The duke received the politicians with a moody brow, and did not deign to remove any of their anxieties. He inquired of them all they knew, and they told of regiments lost in high and waving corn, and artillery stuck in the unpaved sides of the high road. The duke sighed gloomily, and advised our politicians to get out of the way as fast as ever heels or hoofs could carry them, for he could not tell what might happen, or what inundation sweep the country south of Brussels. The M. P.'s left Waterloo and its vicinity on the 17th, and came home in a state of mind, which they communicated to all from Westminster to Marylebone.

I do not know whether journals had "our correspondent" in those days. Notwithstanding the wonderful celerity of information, which the *Times* succeeded in procuring and in organizing, I doubt if it yet had bulletins from the field of battle. But the great moneyed houses had their agents, and their rival agents, while the houses of Rothschild and of Gold-

smidt then fought and struggled to procure intelligence, as the *Times* and *Chronicle* did some years later. The story goes, that on this occasion the Goldsmids sent their agent to the field of battle. Perhaps one of the M. P.'s was the agent; but probably this was not the case. At any rate the said agent was frightened out of the field by the duke, and compelled to take refuge in Brussels, where, finding panic prevail up to a very late hour on the 18th, he despatched a courier to his principals with the intelligence that all was, or would undoubtedly be, lost. And hereupon the Goldsmidians sold stock to an unheard-of amount; and the story would of course go on to say, they never recovered it.

The instructions of the Messrs. Rothschild to their agent were somewhat different. He was told to keep away from the field, from the army, and from its operations; to send no courier except with tidings of a fact already past question; and the fact deemed already past doubting in his mind, he was to come home himself, and give his reasons for crediting or being assured of it. The Rothschild agent was not only forbidden to station himself in the field, but was also advised not to remain in Brussels either, which was soon to be the head-quarters of either exultation or panic, the one perhaps as little well-founded as the other. He was told, on the contrary, to betake himself to Ghent, which was at a fair distance from the contending armies, and on the road to England. In Ghent, too, Louis the Eighteenth had stopped; and he, no doubt, would be sure to hear the first intelligence of import addressed to him. If it were good intelligence, his majesty, or ex-majesty, would soon divulge it; if bad, it would soon become apparent in the preparations of the king and his suite to move farther off, and embark once more for Old England.

Guided by these instructions, Mr. Rothschild's agent, whose name I forget, but who was a solid old gentleman, very unlike the young go-a-head newsmonger of our day, stationed himself at Ghent, and kept his eye upon the hotel in which Louis the Eighteenth was lodged, and with the keenness of a man whose bread-and-butter is implicated in the success of his procuring intelligence.

Now it so happened that Louis the Eighteenth, who liked to play the king, had consented to do so publicly, in order to gratify the worthy inhabitants of Ghent. In order to do this, he had consented to eat his breakfast in public on the following morning, just as it was the custom at the Tuileries for the royal family to dine in public on certain days. Their majesties or their princedom ate their meal, whilst the public marched along a kind of corridor to behold them. Well, our news-agent of course attended this breakfast, as the sight of the day. He walked in and up-stairs with the crowd of Ghentois, entered the room where Louis the Corpulent was eating with good appetite. There was scarcely a partition between his majesty's breakfast-table and the public; and our agent paused, with anxious and lingering respect, to observe the royal jaws in the very simple, but not sublime, operation of masticating food.

Louis had just devoured his last chop, and our friend devoured the monarch in turn with his eyes, when a clatter was heard in the court below. A horseman had entered at full speed, and with equal speed, it would appear, the said horseman made his way up the staircase, determined to deliver his message into the royal hand. The messenger was neither more nor less than a courier, with short sword by his side, such as foreign couriers wear; and he handed to his majesty a large envelope, which when opened contained a paper with a very few words. The Duke of Wellington had won a great battle on the field of Waterloo. Bonaparte had fled, and his army was destroyed, routed, and dispersed. The old king handed the paper to be read aloud, and by none were

JUNG BAHADOOR.

its contents more greedily swallowed than by the agent of the Rothschilds. And then the old king, starting to his not very firm legs, still contrived to walk upon them over to the courier, who stood waiting for his *guerdon*, and bestowed upon the poor man a *guerdon* that he very little expected, viz., an embrace and a kiss upon both his cheeks. Our jolly Englishman, however elated before, was now ashamed, quite ashamed, that, not royalty, but manhood, should inflict upon man such a thing as a kiss. He uttered an exclamation, went out, put on his hat, rushed to Ostend, put to sea in a fishing-boat, and got to the English coast and to London long before a packet, post, or ordinary messenger.

His first care was to inform his patrons, the Messrs. Rothschilds, who paid him munificently, and entertained no doubt of his correctness. They then told him, that, after a certain hour of that day (for it was morning) struck by the London clocks, he might make what use he pleased of his intelligence. Accordingly, my gentleman from Flanders paced up and down before the Horse Guards until the clock struck, (I know not what hour, whether eleven or twelve.) When it did strike, he walked into Downing Street, and demanded to speak with Lord Liverpool. His passport, signed at Ghent on such a day, soon got through all the shyness of official reserve, and he was ushered into the presence of the premier. He told his story, as I have told it, from the first matter of his instructions, to what he had heard at the royal breakfast. But he never mentioned the kiss—he would have blushed to do it.

Never was man in such a pucker as was Lord Liverpool. He had been in the lowest spirits, oppressed by previous accounts, and he did not believe a word of his informant's story. It was a stock-jobbing business. The duke would have sent a messenger from the field to Downing Street much sooner than to Ghent. Had the agent been a breathless soldier from the field, he might have believed him; but a mere clerk, with a tale gleaned sixty miles from the field, and no corroboration. Besides, the news was too good to be true.

In his perplexity, however, Lord Liverpool sent round all the offices to all the people likely to know anything, or to be good judges in the matter. The dence a one could be found, but Croker. He came and questioned the agent, nay, cross-questioned him in his sharp way. But there was no shaking his evidence. "Well," says the Rothschildian to the officials, "you still doubt me, as if I would come here to lie for a paltry reward. If you won't believe what I tell you about the King of France and the courier who brought him the news, how will you believe what I am going to tell you, and what astonished me more than anything else; when Louis the Eighteenth read the letter, he started up, hugged the dusty, dirty courier, and kissed the fellow on both cheeks."

"My lord," said Mr. Croker, "you may believe every word this gentleman says. For no English imagination could invent this circumstance of the kiss; and no possible circumstance could be a stronger guarantee of truth."

Lord Liverpool, therefore, did believe, and was glad. But many still kept doubting. It was too good to be true; and why was the duke silent? Major Percy, with the despatches, did not arrive till late in the evening; and when he did come, he could find nobody. His anxiety was to find the king. But no being could tell where his Majesty George the Fourth had dined, or where he spent the evening. At last the monarch was unearthed at Mrs. Boehm's, before whose door Percy stopped with his jaded coach and four; and the regent was enabled to inform the worshipful company around him that the star of Napoleon Bonaparte had definitively set on the field of Waterloo.

It is the peculiar good fortune of the English, or rather of the London world of fashion, that each "season" brings with it some extraordinary point of attraction, some brilliant planet around which thousands of lesser stars revolve, or whence they derive their own temporary lustre. Fashion is not particular as to the quality of the object, as long as it is "something rich and strange." An atom of humanity caricaturing Napoleon, an Egyptian Pacha—a marvellous violinist—a Czar—a Glass Palace—a Swedish Nightingale—anything in short—psychological, monarchical, vitreous, musical, suffices to absorb the attentions of thousands during the three or four hot months—consecrated to the metropolitan pastime of the aristocracy. Of few of these do we care to ascertain the antecedents; still less do we concern ourselves about their actual sayings and habits of thought. To know whither they go, that we may be "there to see," to have them at our own homes "to show to our friends as a piece of vertu," constitute the acmé of the season's ambition, and we hasten to forget them as autumn comes round, that our mind may be free to contemplate the next rarity.

Yet, if it were possible to be sufficiently and exclusively near to the persons of these singular birds of passage, and to share something of their confidence, we should probably find that their merit, or say, their popularity, does not exclusively reside in their adventitious position nor in the brilliancy of their attire, but often arises from certain features of character, which stamp their superiority to the ordinary run of mankind. To their mental attributes, more than to their dark complexions and the gracefulness of their costume, were Rammohun Roy and Dwarkonte Tagore indebted for the receptions they everywhere experienced. Far in advance of their countrymen they brought to the contemplation of British institutions, minds capable of receiving vivid impressions, and often astonished our legislators and juriconsults by the originality of their remarks, and the acuteness of their perceptions.

Very unlike to either of those distinguished natives of Hindostan in the extent of his acquired knowledge, but far superior to them in natural grace, nobility of mind, and indomitable courage, was the Nepaulese mountaineer, Jung Bahadoor, who monopolized attention in the summer of 1850. We heard enough of his movements from the Court Circular of the day, but we heard nothing more—though, if all that he said and did had been ascertained and recorded, the interest he excited would have been magnified twenty-fold.

Jung Bahadoor 'was (is?) one of the most remarkable men of the day. His vault into the saddle of commander-in-chief and prime minister of Nepal, though not unmarked by bloodshed, was strong evidence of his daring and resolute spirit. He had risen to a sufficiently distinguished position in the Nepaulese army to become an object of apprehension to the feeble and treacherous court. His death by violence was resolved upon, and orders given to the executioner. A slave-girl who had, at one time, enjoyed the love of the hardy mountaineer, heard of their intentions. Her affection and solicitude revived. She flew to him immediately, communicated all she knew, and bade him be on his guard. Swearing her to the truth

of her allegations and enjoining her silence, Jung Bahadur at once summoned his brothers, (the men who accompanied him to England,) revealed to them the state of affairs, and being assured of their sympathy and their determination to fall in his defence, he commanded them to load their rifles, gird on their swords, and accompany him to the palace. They obeyed. In a few minutes they were on their way to the royal residence. The king was in durbar, (council,) and the prime minister, the instigator of Jung Bahadur's destruction, sat upon his right hand. Arrived at the palace stairs, Jung Bahadur and his brothers were challenged by the sentinel. One flourish of the sabre, and the sentinel's head rolled on the floor. Higher up the steps they were again challenged—the second party shared the fate of the first. Entering the hall of audience, the enraged youth advanced to the foot of the throne, and holding out the order for execution, of which he had obtained possession, asked the minister if that was not his handwriting and the king's sign manual? Before a reply could be given, Jung Bahadur levelled his rifle at the minister and shot him dead. He then seized the body and flung it out of the window. A tumult arose. "What!" exclaimed Jung Bahadur; "is it worth while making all this noise for a dead body?" Seeing the panic-stricken state of the king, Jung Bahadur presented a warrant for his own appointment to the office of prime minister and commander-in-chief, which the king was but too ready to sign.

This *coup d'état*, alarming, as it did, the rest of the court, insured for the new minister a tranquil existence and possession of office; but at length the adherents of the previous minister and his own partisans began to murmur; the former taking courage from the discontent of the latter, who had not reaped the full extent of the reward they anticipated. This rendered the minister's life irksome to him, and he cast about for some excuse to leave the kingdom temporarily. A visit to England as ambassador was suggested to him. He caught at the idea with avidity. The king gladly adopted it, for the presence of a minister who had thrust himself into service was anything but agreeable.

The arrangements of Jung Bahadur for his reception at the court of Queen Victoria, were characteristic of his good taste and originality. "Of what avail is it," said he, "to carry wealth to the wealthiest of potentates? Better far to lay at her feet what money cannot purchase." In this spirit he called around him the principal mountain chiefs, and, apprizing them of his contemplated departure, asked of each one of the weapons of war most valued by their family, and which had descended as an heir-loom from the most renowned and war-like of their ancestors. His request was acceded to with promptitude. And these were the presents which accompanied his credentials. He had rightly judged the character of the Queen of England. The simplicity and peculiarity of the gifts imparted to all a rare value.

At the court of Great Britain, Jung Bahadur was as much admired for the *naïveté* of his replies as for the brilliancy of his costume. "What strikes your highness as most extraordinary in this country?" asked one of the ministers of the Nepaulese Vakeel. "It is," replied he, "the sight of the first lady in the land standing for several hours to receive the homage of the humblest of her subjects." This spectacle especially excited his wonder and admiration; but scarcely inferior to

these emotions was the astonishment produced by the police, which he called "*Polis*!" How a body of armed men, quiet and unobtrusive in their manner, possessing no external marks of personal fierceness or official authority, could preserve the peace in such an immense metropolis, he could not understand. For the first few days the crowded streets, and the impromptu *cortéges* of the embassy, disturbed the nerves of the envoy's party, but they were soon reassured by the steady guardianship of the police.

As another proof of the graceful nature of his replies, may be instanced his remark on being introduced to Lord Gough. "What is meant by Jung Bahadur?" asked the hero of Chillianwallah and Guzerat. "The mighty in war, my lord," was the reply of the interpreter. "And a very good name, too, for a brave man like his highness," observed Lord Gough. "Tell the general," said the Nepaulese chieftain, "that my name is the result of the accident of birth—it is my *nuseeb*. His lordship is the true Jung Bahadur, for he has earned the title.

An instance of the decision of the envoy's character occurs to us. He was very fond of horses, and especially of those of high action. One morning he paid a visit to the stables of a well known dealer in Piccadilly. The appearance of a horse struck him. He asked the price, and was told 300 guineas. "Let me see if he can leap," said Jung Bahadur. The dealer answered that he was a Park horse, and had not been trained to leaping. Without further ceremony, the Nepaulese took off his watch, neck-chain and girdle, his turban and his sword, and commanded one of his aides-de-camp (a brother) to hold a drawn sword several feet from the ground, as he proposed to take the horse over it. The dealer stood aghast. The horse would assuredly break his knees; he had never tried a leap; failure was inevitable. Jung Bahadur insisted, putting a stop to all remonstrances by the princely assurance that he would pay for the horse if he was injured. He then mounted the animal, rode him once up the "ride," and then took the leap with the greatest ease. The dealer now raised his price. He asked 400 guineas—he had no idea the horse had it in him—he could not think of parting with such a treasure for the original sum. "Tell him," said the gallant Nepaulese to his interpreter, while he resumed his watch, turban, &c., "I am now going out of his yard. If he will take 200 guineas, I will pay him at once. If he does not decide before I visit yonder post, I will reduce the offer to 150 guineas. If he is undetermined when I get to the gate, I shall only offer 125; and if he allows me to get into my carriage without closing the bargain, I shall only give him 100 guineas." The dealer protested—entreated—argued—following the envoy the while. Jung Bahadur reached his carriage, sprang in—the dealer consented to take the one hundred guineas! Jung Bahadur gave him one hundred and twenty-five.

At a bargain the envoy displayed all the huckstering qualities of his countrymen, but he was by no means destitute of generosity. Laboring under the consequences of a dissipation to which mountaineers are unaccustomed, Jung Bahadur found it necessary to consult Sir Benjamin Brodie. Under the hands of that skilful practitioner, the envoy soon recovered, and upon the occasion of Sir Benjamin Brodie's last visit he placed upon the table a bag containing 500 sovereigns, telling him that was his fee. Sir Benjamin, with characteristic

delicacy, refused it. The envoy pressed it, and even became warm under Sir Benjamin's persevering repugnance to accept a sum so much in excess of professional usage. At length Sir Benjamin yielded so far as to take one hundred guineas, rather than offend the envoy; but how did he accommodate even this sum to his nice conscience? He immediately purchased a beautiful set of surgical instruments, which could not have cost less than seventy-five guineas, and sent it with his compliments to Jung Bahadoor, thus retaining but 25 guineas for his services. Such anecdotes are creditable to both parties.

In all athletic and other manly sports Jung Bahadoor was a proficient. At Angelo's fencing rooms he eclipsed some of the finest swordsmen, and one of his *suite*, an excellent wrestler, trying a fall with a crack hand, threw him successively with great violence. Jung Bahadoor immediately gave the discomfited party a handful of gold.

As a marksman he was unrivalled. He had a practice, both in London and in Paris, of going about in plain clothes with his secretary. Thus attired, he looked like a Spaniard or South American. On one occasion, disguised in this way, he went into a shooting gallery in Paris, and deeming himself a match for the men who were there firing at a mark, he placed a rouleau of Napoleons upon the top of the target, and challenged any one to compete with him. The challenge was accepted; but the Frenchmen soon found that he was more than a match for the best of them. At each shot a Napoleon or more was dislodged, while the rouleau of Jung Bahadoor's antagonist remained untouched.

One more extract, and enough will have been said to demonstrate that the "Lion of 1850" was no common man. When accounts were being settled between the envoy and the French tradespeople, one of the *suite* demurred to a charge for five francs, which he protested was unjust. Jung Bahadoor, who had a horror of being "done," upheld his follower in his resistance to the demand. The suitor resorted to the law, and when Jung Bahadoor was on the point of departing, the progress of his carriage and horses was impeded by the instruments of the French police. He sprang from his carriage, drew his sword, threatened to cut down whosoever opposed his progress. Then rushing to the embassy, he called upon Lord Normanby to interfere, and proceeded *en route*. Arrived at Marseilles he learned to his great vexation that, after all, his follower had paid the money. Indignant that he should have been exposed to annoyance for so small a matter, he called the officer before him. "Now," said he, "you have subjected me to a painful humiliation. I sentence you to pay a fine of 200 rupees" (20*l.*) "Alas, your excellency, I have not one rupee." "Come here, give me your sword." The follower obeyed. Tearing off the sword knot of bullion, "There," said the envoy, "that, when melted down, will yield the money. Go!"

Such was the mountain chief, who, during his stay in England, was followed for his glittering costume and supposed wealth. Sufficient of his history was known to obtain for him the reputation of great hardihood, but few persons were aware that in the breast of this untutored Nepalese, there beat a heart attuned to the finest impulses, and a taste which needed no cultivation to help its possessor to appreciate the talents most palatable to our artificial community. When asked by her majesty why he liked the singing of Grisi, whose language he did not comprehend, he promptly replied; "We

hear the Bulbul, and we enjoy its notes. Do we understand what its song sayeth?"

The determined manner in which Jung Bahadoor put down the conspiracy to destroy him on his return to Nepal, and the signal vengeance which he took upon the officer who had accompanied him to England, and scandalized him in India, have been related in the public papers. The foregoing anecdotes are new.

A SCENE IN NEW ENGLAND.—I leave Boston sometimes in the evening by rail, get thirty miles off, then strike away into byways, ramble for an hour or two, and get back to the rail. I was out yesterday, and nothing can equal the color of the foliage; if it was painted, it would look like fancy. In the course of my stroll, I came upon a lake entirely surrounded with forest, and containing, as I was informed, about four square miles of water, studded with islands varying in size from one to twenty acres. I would describe a point of view which enchanted me. I was on one side of the lake, where it is about half a mile in width; about half-way across, for the foreground of my picture, is a small island, about two acres, covered with trees, looking as if they grew out of the lake, with a central one of at least eighty feet high, and of the purest orange color. The opposite shore is of a crescent shape, with the forest rising like an amphitheatre behind, glowing with every imaginable color, from the intense crimson to the pale pink, and looking exactly like an enormous flower-garden stretching away to the distance, and the color so strongly reflected in the water, that it is difficult to tell the reality from the reflection. At home in England, I would have gone far to see such scenes; but they are here at every turn. I enclose you some leaves, but the purity of the color is gone after a few hours. I am sure many valuable additions might be made to the European stock of flowers; there are thousands of species—some extremely beautiful; but how they are propagated, or whether they could be transplanted, I cannot tell, being no horticulturist. Among the millions here, one plant would be much admired with you. It grows wild about three feet high, with long, curiously-formed leaves, and surmounted by bunches of bright scarlet blossoms, exactly like the geranium. In the course of my stroll, I came upon a genuine shanty of a new settler, full of fine children. The husband away at work—a little patch cleared for Indian corn and a few vegetables, the sturdy trees enclosing all. Truly the pair have their work before them, but they have likewise hope and comfort. I chatted a little while with the wife, a genuine specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race—clean, industrious, and hopeful; left home to avoid being starved, and sat down here, in rude comfort, with her ruddy children growing up about her—to be a joy and a support, instead of the drag and vexation they would have proved at home.—*Private Letter from an English Artist settled at Boston, to a friend in England.*

THE PALO DE VACA, OR COW-TREE OF BRAZIL.—This is one of the most remarkable trees in the forests of Brazil. During several months in the year when no rain falls, and its branches are dead and dried up, if the trunk be tapped, a sweet and nutritious milk exudes. The flow is most abundant at sunrise. Then, the natives receive the milk into large vessels, which soon grows yellow and thickens on the surface. Some drink plentifully of it under the tree, others take it home to their children. One might imagine he saw a shepherd distributing the milk of his flock. It is used in tea and coffee in place of common milk. The cow-tree is one of the largest in the Brazilian forests, and is used in ship-building.

From Tait's Magazine.

ON PREVENTABLE DEATH.

BY DR. KEIN THALER.

AMONGST the numerous salient features which together make up the mental physiognomy, there are few which bear so strong and universal testimony to a high state of organization and development, of nature and of culture, as a tenderness of life—and especially of human life, as its highest and noblest exponent. The exquisite sensibility of woman and child makes them shudder at the very thought of death, and sicken at the mere sight of blood. The colder intellectual perception of the highly-educated man never robs death of its terrors, or life of its value. And the moral and religious feelings of almost all ages and nations agree with singular unanimity in the proposition, that as self-preservation is the first instinct of the individual, so the protection of life is the first duty of society; and that he who wilfully breaks into the "house of life" deserves physical retribution in this world, moral punishment in the next.

So self-evident is the connection of this particular form of goodness with the proper evolution of our triple nature—a connection which, by the way, can receive no better illustration than the confusion of ideas which the mere etymology of the word "humanity" will recall to the minds of our readers—and so obvious is the union of duty, feeling, and interest in all that concerns the prolongation of existence, that we shall forego the use of the ordinary historical examples which might here be so easily introduced. We may be contented to state broadly that, whether in societies or individuals, homicidal cruelty is the mark of a debased intellect, and care for life of an exalted one. Our readers may cull their own examples from the pages of history, or from the book of the world which, in the shape of the *Times*, lies on their breakfast-table. They may also find their own exceptions, in the preponderance of motives which sometimes makes an educated murderer, or the professional education which enables a soldier to dismiss the subject of homicide from his thoughts. In spite of these instances, the general truth will be found much as we have stated it.

And within these favored islands, at any rate, there has been a coeval and coequal march of civilization and humanity. During the last two centuries, our statute-books have been gradually purged of their numerous Draconic enactments. Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Cumming may feel ever so conflagratively disposed towards each other, but no alternate preponderance in the number of their proselytes or followers would ever enable one to burn the other, with any decent legality; and the only bulls to which we can now be sacrificed in Smithfield are bulls literal, not metaphorical. Disraeli cannot hope to impeach and execute Lord John, however deaf the latter may evince himself to the peculiar claims of agriculture. We no longer hang for forgery or sheep-stealing, although bank-notes and mutton are at least as much admired as ever by a discriminating public; and the art of prophecy is encompassed with new difficulties, for there is very little *à priori* probability that the most frugivorous of school-boys is really "born to be hanged."

Indeed, the altered state of public feeling that has effected all these praiseworthy improvements on the good old times, seems at last disposed to run

riot for want of occupation. We have little left to look forward to from the humanity-movement but its most *outré* proposals—its senile extravagances. It is cruel to kill, hence we are to have no soldiers; it is cruel to kill, hence we are to grant murder immunity from retribution; it is cruel to kill, hence we must eat vegetables. Rifles, cannon, sabres, bayonets, knives, swords, and blunderbusses, are all to be utterly routed by public opinion; and the voice of peaceful mediation is to resound through the world in one long-drawn, herbivorous "ba-a-a!" to which, no doubt, echo will make a suitable though somewhat sarcastic answer.

It is a matter of notoriety that, side by side with this increased appreciation of the value and sanctity of life, the average share of each individual has also increased; and that each infant born within these realms has an expectancy of a life longer by many years than that of the infant born two centuries ago. Part of this, no doubt, depends upon altered social habits, improved food, improved dwellings, greater temperance; part also directly depends upon the advanced medical science, of which even the former were, no doubt, the indirect results. No inconsiderable segment is perhaps attributable to one man, who would have been deified by the ancient Greeks, canonized by the mediæval Catholics, who is revered and honored abroad, and un-honored, if not forgotten, at home; we mean Edward Jenner, who, though a gentleman, a scholar, a man of science, and a benefactor of mankind, seems never to have been forgiven by Mrs. Grundy for being a country practitioner of medicine.

But whatever increase of longevity has been hitherto attained will probably be far surpassed hereafter. For, within the last few years, careful registration of deaths and the study of other medical statistics have developed an almost new branch of science; so new, so startling, and so all-important, as to demand the serious attention of every thinking person in this realm. As there is no man whose life, and health, and well-being are unaffected by the facts which it urges, so there is no one free from the duty of examining into their truth, and of furthering their claims, if true, by all the means in his power. Whether the present active movement in favor of *Sanitary Reform* be a noble and honorable impulse of humanity, or a presumptuous and mistaken attempt on the part of deluded, or meddling, or popularity-hunting men, it is nevertheless one of the greatest social questions of the age, and a question which at least no man can ignore.

The supporters of this movement assert that it is possible to distinguish and separate from the returns of mortality a number of instances in which death can be proved to be the direct or indirect result of certain noxious agencies, not generally understood to be poisons. They also affirm that these agents are for the most part capable of removal, or mitigation, by artificial human arrangements not generally regarded as antidotes or medicines. Some of these latter are capable of being effected or applied by individuals, each for himself or his family. But others, and indeed most of them, which essentially consist in the mere removal of the causes of the surplus mortality just alluded to, necessarily require the coöperation of many individuals.

It is matter of doubt to many, whether the state which forbids suicide has not an equal right to compel the individual, or the head of a family, to

the adoption of means preservative of those lives which belong to it as well as to himself; while no sane man can doubt the propriety of calling in the law to prohibit any man from poisoning his neighbors, or to afford the completest form of that social machinery which experience shows is necessary to all coöperative acts.

This, then, briefly states the case of the Sanitary Reformer. To use the classic words of the Officer of Health to the City of London, he proves the occurrence of "preventable death," establishes the efficacy of "preventive medicine," and appeals to each individual, and to the social aggregate, to apply the resources of the latter to the removal and extinction of the former.

It is obvious that the first of these two propositions forms the basis of the whole question. And hence we have selected the words "Preventable Death" to head this article. They form the fitting text of the few subjoined remarks, which we may hereafter follow by a consideration of "Preventive Medicine," or, as the French call it, "Hygiène."

We can scarcely imagine that any of our readers will be disposed to think such a nomenclature indicates a presumptuous affectation of knowledge and power beyond what we actually possess. The same Providence which has wisely decreed the existence of disease and death has also given us the means of deferring or avoiding them; means which, although somewhat uncertain in their application to the individual, are absolutely effective upon large masses of people. Any neglect of the use of these means amounts to a crime, and is virtually a degree of suicide, which nothing but the more or less wilful obstinacy and ignorance of him who commits it can distinguish from a genuine self-murder.

Let us first consider the influence exerted by local circumstances upon a given population.

In many parts of the world, thinly populated or depopulated, the want of natural or the neglect of artificial drainage results in a more or less marshy, quaggy condition of a large extent of ground, from which emanates a deadly poison capable of producing ague in a large number of those exposed to it. In other instances, the dried water-courses of winter torrents, or the summer evaporation of the shallow banks of large rivers, give rise to the production of the same poison.

Thus, to sleep in the deserted Pontine Marshes of Rome, to open your window at night in many parts of Greece, to live below a certain level in some East or West India districts, is almost certain death. To all those having a choice of residing elsewhere, or of avoiding the night-exposure alluded to, we presume that such a fatal contingency is "preventable death." And it would scarcely surprise us to find that the rate of mortality in such a district was a very high one—that reapers in the Maremma return home to die, that the flower of our army perish because a paternal government places their Indian barracks below the literally dead level, and so on.

Knowing, however, that civilization has almost expelled the ague, which chiefly represented this class of disorders in England, the public are apt to assume that endemic disease is practically extinct, and that such great variations in the rate of mortality for different places are comparatively unknown. Let us see how far this is true.

Contrasting the annual deaths in the population of a Northumbrian parish and in that of Liverpool, we are struck by the significant fact, that while in

the former they amount to one and two fifths per cent. in the year, in the latter they rise as high as three and one third. In short, the deaths are considerably more than twice as numerous in the latter case as in the former. Here is clearly an excess of mortality, an overplus which we do not hesitate to call "preventable death."

It may seem to the uninitiated that this is no great difference; that the figures are pretty much alike; and that as there must be differences in the rates of mortality, a range of this extent might almost be expected.

Far other is, however, really the case. If our imaginary objector were placed amongst an hundred men, every one of whom was to be shot down successively, we are very much mistaken if the diminution of this death-rate to that of shooting every alternate man, would not strike him as a very considerable and extremely interesting alteration of the original plan.

In the next place, there are no such differences in dealing with large numbers. Every actuary would substantiate the truth of the statement, that life and death, dealt with in large numbers, offer but inappreciable deviations of the actual from the calculated results. Of even so small a number as 1000 men, taken at such an age, just so many and no more should be living so many years hence; and every increase of the number would but increase the accuracy of the estimate.

Others may think that there is a still more valid objection to our practical application of this comparison. "The existence of accidental circumstances which favor this particular district may give it a slight superiority over other agricultural parishes; and the superior healthiness of a country life is so notorious that the total difference is no more than we should expect. In the country, the laborer passes a more considerable part of his time in the open air; his work, although worse paid than that of the urban artisan, is yet more regular and certain; the vices of large towns are comparatively unknown; the excitement that wears out the low-organized man is absent. In short, all the circumstances of the countryman give him a fairer chance of longevity; and the loss by the citizen of half his expectancy of life may be almost considered as a tax, by the payment of which he secures the advantages of a higher civilization, greater luxuries, more numerous pleasures, and more stirring excitements, so that he lives, as it were, a *quicker* rather than a *shorter* life."

Much of exaggeration as is implied in almost every part of this statement, we can afford to disregard its particular errors by pointing out that the general tenor and result is most conclusively refuted by facts. The death-rate of the county of Surrey, with its large and numerous town population, is but one and four fifths per cent., and the whole south-eastern division of England is but one tenth per cent. more. And, finally, the city officer of health, in his report for the year 1849-50, pointed out the remarkable fact that, in a large sub-district of some 12,000 inhabitants, situate in the very heart of the city of London, the rate of mortality per cent. was as low as the average minimum of this Northumbrian village. So that, henceforth, laudations of the vast inherent salubrity of the country must be confined to the writers of melodramas, and only repeated by that wonderful old farmer of theirs, who, rampant in yellow tops, defends injured innocence with the thickest of sticks, praises virtue, denounces vice, and especially

lashes the corruption of an imaginary profligate aristocracy.

Those who really know the actual condition and personal habits of even the most favored agricultural population will understand why we can boldly regard as preventable all permanent excess of mortality. We recollect reading, some years ago, a thoughtful, sarcastic chapter of Christopher North, which impugned the old, threadbare notions of rustic health and longevity with no less truthfulness than success. Indeed, there is much in the social condition of the peasant which calls loudly for alteration. He too often dies where he might live, either from his ignorance of known physical laws or from his inability to apply them. But his urban brother dies sooner and oftener because, in addition to the unhealthy circumstances which are common to both, he also suffers from others which are peculiarly the result of the gregarious habits and ordinary social arrangements of a large city. These evils are definite enough; they constitute the palpable causes of his excessive mortality, and they are all susceptible of removal. In point of fact, we have seen that the health of a metropolitan population may approach that of a rustic one; and, while we may rely upon this as proving how small are the necessary and unavoidable disadvantages of a town life, we ought not to forget that there are some ingredients in the comparison which must tend to the advantage of the latter; that in the town wages are on an average higher, work is less protracted and exhausting, the mind better attended to, charity more frequent and constant, and medical relief both better and more accessible.

The numerous evils incidental to an urban residence will, of course, vary to some extent, according to the particular town which is selected for examination. At present we shall do little more than enumerate those which are rendered most pressing by their magnitude and importance, or which take the greatest estimable share in preventable mortality which we are now discussing.

The first and most obvious is the over-crowded population which fills a large city, and often crams a house, a floor, a room, or even a cellar, with human beings in numbers which are utterly disproportionate to the amount of breathing-air required by each, and which additionally and necessarily imply a closeness of contact most favorable to the propagation of all infectious disorders.

The defective drainage which almost universally disgraces our large towns is an evil of even greater importance, and causes whole districts of London, reeking with the stinks of organic decomposition, to recover and exceed the endemic fatality they possessed before the incidents of civilization had dispelled their emanations of ague-poison. The want of light and air exhibited by rooms, houses and alleys, is a mischief of similar giant magnitude; while here in London, as if the scarce mitigated putrefaction of that animal and vegetable refuse which is incidental to a crowded population were not a sufficient source of poison, we next pour it into a tidal river, in which it sails slowly up and down an indefinite number of times, to be long and repeatedly inhaled by the population.

Nor is this all. We bury our dead so that their putrefying remains not only remind the living of mortality, but *produce* it; so that the man whom society has slain by its ignorance rises from his grave, in the shape of a gaseous exhalation, to take a full though posthumous revenge; and the horrible fable of the vampire is almost literally enacted by

the dead in a city churchyard on their neighboring and surviving relatives.

Finally, a whole host of trades and occupations, whose offensiveness might, to any reasonable being, sufficiently show their injurious character, are allowed still further to deteriorate the damaged, deficient and poisoned atmosphere, and pour out every conceivable abomination to vary the color, density and smell, of the sooty mixture of solid, liquid and gas, which constitutes the *air* of the metropolis.

In examining into the relation of these circumstances to the general mortality of a town, it is of course very difficult to make any exact subdivision of the total deaths which shall so accurately correspond to the localities that exhibit the highest degree of these defects, as to allow of the direct results of each on the local death-rate being specifically estimated. Generally, indeed, they coincide with each other; or, at any rate, some being universal throughout an entire metropolis, we have but to add one or two to make up the maximum, both of number and amount. Many of the closer courts and alleys of London especially exemplify this; their annual contribution to the district mortality being one of frightful, almost incredible magnitude and constancy.

As regards their influence in determining the access of special forms of disease, or particular modes of death, we again find the same evident relation of cause and effect, although minute accuracy of figures is, for the same reasons, equally impossible.

We may regard acute disease as producing, say one half of the ordinary mortality. It might seem a gross exaggeration to call all of these preventable deaths, still a careful consideration will afford us reason for believing that they do but very insufficiently represent the actual numbers of avoidable mortality. For in such an estimate we leave out of sight the well-known influence of these causes in producing the slow disorders of nutrition which result in scrofula, consumption, rheumatic fever, gout, and the various external complaints calling for surgical interference; to say nothing of those diseases of the vascular system which are almost natural to old age, but are too often anticipated by the premature decrepitude of young men of thirty or forty. It is thus highly probable that the above proportion rather falls short of than exceeds the actual truth.

On inquiring into the several constituents of this preventable mortality, we find a similar intimate dependence. The chief groups of disease attracting our attention in this respect are those of fever, cholera and dysentery, small-pox, scarlatina, erysipelas, and the infantine disorders so fatal during the earlier years of life.

As regards the first, and perhaps the gravest of these, fever, it is scarcely possible to consider it as other than in almost every instance an avoidable infliction. It constitutes somewhere about one tenth of the mortality produced by these acute diseases; but this proportion, great as it is, is a most deficient and fallacious index of its real effect.

Others of these groups, such as cholera, are largely and frequently fatal, mowing down with inevitable stroke as much as one half or one third of all whom they attack. Many of these epidemics also fall with greatest severity on the feeble and ailing, or at any rate can be shown, by the low mortality which succeeds them, to anticipate the

fatal event to many of their victims by but a few months. Others, again, attack infant life, of little existing commercial value to the community, apparently but a slight loss from an overpopulated country, and "costing only the tears that are shed for it." The parents' loss may be mitigated by time, or replaced by other offspring; or the increasing prosperity of a childless father and mother may conceal from the not too curious eye of society the desolation under which they often inwardly writhe for the remainder of their life. But in all three of these respects fever offers a deadly pre-eminence of mischief.

We may premise that even as regards the absolute number of its victims, fever doubles those of the more dreaded Eastern destroyer, cholera. For surely the deaths from the latter are not to be ignored when the visitation is past, but are rather to be distributed over the long intervals of its approach, during which the growth of a fresh population, and the neglect of sanitary precautions, are together silently preparing its path and marking its victims. And spreading the deaths by cholera over the years of its absence, we find that those by fever, our constant inbred and indigenous pestilence, more than double those of the occasional foreign destroyer.

And it is even more important to notice that, while treble the number of deaths from cholera would represent the entire population it had attacked—the remaining two thirds returning for the most part through a rapid and brief convalescence to their pristine mental and bodily vigor—the subjects of typhus cannot be estimated at less than ten or fifteen times so many; the whole of which vast multitude necessarily undergo an illness of at least one or two months' average duration, and an almost helpless convalescence, which is frequently protracted to four or five times this date.

Nor is it the feeble and ailing adult or the infant that constitute the most frequent subjects of this fell disorder. Its victims are for the most part the vigorous man or woman in the prime of life, the highly trained and fully educated member of the community, the father whose labor sustains a large family, or the mother whose care and affection can alone adequately rear and educate them. The loss of these, the most vital elements of society, is too often absolutely irreparable to their dependant offspring, while it cripples the resources of the state, not only by the direct removal of capital, which such deaths imply, but by the expenditure required to support the additional burden so thrown upon the public.

The connection of fever with bad drainage and ventilation is most marked. Year by year many of the more unwholesome courts and alleys of London yield an almost continuous stream of feverous dead. The few houses of such localities often present in one year parochial cases of fever varying from 150 to 200, or 250 and more! And those whose profession calls them into daily contact with such scenes well know dozens of such *cults-de-sac* of life, where typhus, once introduced, wanders round and round the court, as if unable to effect its exit, as if forcibly restrained in the magic circle which the wizard hand of bad ventilation and drainage has drawn around it. And where fever dwells, there cholera visits, selecting in its distant visitations the lines or spots of ill-drained and unventilated habitations with never-failing accuracy, and claiming a number of victims generally in strict proportion to those which ordinarily make the

particular district unhealthy or the reverse; while the attention generally bestowed upon death by cholera has actually enabled the city officer of health to trace its enormous local mortality to the ill-drained relics of the brooks or marshes of previous centuries, and to show that this pestilence has, with ghastly geographical skill, darkened the map of London along the Old Fleet Ditch and the former Moorfields Marsh.

The same observation will, *mutatis mutandis*, apply to the mortality from erysipelas. This poison, which annually selects a large number of victims from women in child-bed, or men who have undergone surgical operations, is similarly exaggerated in its effects where these, its indirect causes, predominate. And of both fever and it we may confidently affirm that there is little reason to suppose that they have any causes except decomposition and contagion, or that they ever occur except either as produced by the former or propagated by the latter agency. It is self-evident that the first is wholly preventable; it is equally obvious that ventilation and cleanliness would, in a vast majority of instances, so diminish the contact of the healthy subject with liquid or gaseous exhalations from the diseased as virtually to suppress infection. To talk mathematically, the danger is inversely as some very high power of the distance. Hospital practice shows that, a few feet of air once interposed between the beds, we may scatter our fever-cases in the wards with no danger to those suffering from other complaints, and with remarkable advantage to those patients themselves. Unless met by the greatest care in ventilation, a fever-ward does but concentrate the poison.

The preventable character of infectious disease is still more strongly marked in the case of scarlatina and small-pox. As regards the latter, universal vaccination would, directly or indirectly, almost suppress it; this direct effect being the protection from future attacks which it so constantly affords, and the indirect being the frequent interruption to the chain of contagion which even a *diminution* in the number of the unprotected would imply. Almost all the fatal cases of small-pox, so constantly occurring, are due to the neglect or refusal of parents to vaccinate their children. Some entertain a general prejudice against vaccination, the grounds of which they either cannot or will not explain. Others—by a kind of logic unhappily not limited to their class—argue that, as vaccination does not always protect from small-pox, therefore it never does. Others are predestinarians, some of the Calvinistic, some of the Mahomedan variety; and decline, as the case may be, either to fly in the face of Providence, or uselessly to attempt to alter what is already predetermined, the death or immunity of their offspring. And so this form of homicide continues, and, at the present time, slays at the rate of about 1,500 a year in London alone. Vaccination and re-vaccination, by means of the gratuitous medical relief provided by the state (and partially paid for by the proudest and poorest of respectable artisans) would save nearly every one of these lives.

How far the course of these disorders is modified by the ventilation, comfort and general circumstances to which their poorer subjects are exposed the reader may almost imagine for himself. In the course of rather extensive practice amongst the poor, the writer of this article has gradually come to found his prediction of the probable course and termination of a case of scarlatina or small

pox less on the severity of the commencing disorder, or even the constitution of the patient, than upon the sanitary state of the habitation in which he or she lies. And he has seen the removal to the clean, roomy and comfortable wards of a large hospital followed by the rapid amendment and recovery of patients who, humanly speaking, would inevitably have died in the squalid filth of their confined and crowded lodging; and this not only without any alteration in the medicines exhibited, but sometimes when the peculiar stage of the disease allowed very little active treatment of any kind whatever.

We next come to the large and fatal class of infantile disorders, where, leaving awhile the arguments which scientific medicines might offer, we shall again take our stand upon facts which are not only direct and incontrovertible, but are open to the understanding of any reasoning creature.

The disorders which threaten the tender organization of the first few years of life necessarily imply a somewhat greater mortality of this than of subsequent periods. Many of these deaths are, perchance, the result of a kindly though apparently harsh decree of nature, removing the delicate being which could never have battled successfully with the physical realities of the world.

Here, in England, thank Heaven! large families are common; and no systematic child-murder of any kind disgraces our outward civilization; and in the middle classes the per-centage of children actually reared is a very high one. Setting aside the successive decay of a consumptive family as they attain the age most liable to this disease, or the yet rarer coincidences which sometimes mark out a number of healthy persons related to each other for accidental deaths, most of the members of such a household generally grow up all the healthier in mind and body for the discipline and mutual dependence which such numbers and relationship imply. The victims of parental cruelty and ignorance are very few. Rarely a child is sacrificed to Daffy, or to the hardening system, or to the stuffing plan. Occasionally an abnormal and misdeveloped activity of brain exposes the unhappy infant who possesses it to the dangerous religious or intellectual enthusiasm of its parents; and the precocious child, weighed down by the disproportionate mental toil involved in efforts of imaginative abstraction—which properly belong to the intellect of a very different age—dies a martyr to the fanatic stupidity of its parents, perhaps to be eulogized in small gilt tracts circulated among shuddering playmates.* As a rule, however, the majority of the children of affluence escape these evils.

With the poorer classes, however, and especially with those inhabiting our large towns, the most limited inquiries elicit a frightful contrast. Talk to any matron of fifty, and the probability is strong that you hear she has had ten children, of whom three only attained the adult age; or five or six, of whom but one or two survive. And we regret that truth obliges us to add, that the miseries of our social state are often such as to deaden, if not to prevent, parental sorrow; nay more, the medical man laboring amongst the poor too often hears

the death of a child spoken of as "a happy release;" the tone in which this common formula is pronounced often forcing the conviction that the release really thought of is the parent's liberation from the expense of an additional mouth, or from the additional discomfort which even one more creates in the over-crowded lodging of the family. Far be it from us to insinuate that natural affection is generally no attribute of the poor. The case is exactly the reverse. We adduce these instances just as historians bring forward the more exaggerated miseries of a siege, not to afford us a ground for denying the existence of feelings implanted by nature in every heart, but rather to show what must be the strength of these antagonist circumstances, in order that they should prevail, though ever so slightly or rarely in this dreadful conflict—this murderous "battle of life"—which our urban poor are forced to fight.

If our readers cannot confirm this statement by application to any medical man or clergyman in habitual intercourse with the poor, we can but refer them to statistics, which at least amply establish the fact of a surplus and preventable mortality. The number of deaths amongst children under five years of age in our large towns is at least twice as great as in the agricultural district before alluded to. What is its proportion to the infant mortality of the affluent classes we cannot substantiate, and scarcely dare to conjecture, so incredibly high would it probably be.

We crave the indulgence of our readers for the cursory way in which this article has treated many subjects deserving a longer and more thoughtful handling. Some of them will probably be more fully considered in subsequent papers. We scarcely feel the need of apologizing for the irregular and strong language which sometimes will thrust itself into such discussions; for the lives of the public, and especially of the more helpless, are, so to speak, required at the hands of our profession. And, unfortunately for mankind, the *statements* of the preceding paragraphs are, at any rate, not at all exaggerated; and many a man whose eye scans these pages, perhaps even the educated artisan who prepares them for the press might corroborate and amplify their details.

There is one argument which we cannot forbear to use, selfish as its application may seem indirectly to be. Who that reads these lines has not been bereaved of those near and dear to him by death? Who cannot recollect the ghastly wound of their loss, or does not still feel occasional throbbing and stinging pain in the hard cicatrix of sorrow that time has at length afforded? Any man who has ever lost a friend or relative from any of these preventable diseases, would do well to recollect, that he is a personal sufferer from the social evils to which we have now traced their origin; and that he is henceforth, as it were, bound to avenge the manes of the departed upon the still living assassin, and to appease his own feelings in a for once legal and laudable revenge. While, similarly, he who has any affection for any single individual of his kind, or any interest in his own existence, may be reminded that, whatever be the average of life which his condition of ease and affluence confers, it is still far from amounting to an immunity from disease. There is no escaping the task of sustaining part at least of the burden of our poorest and most miserable neighbor or fellow-townsmen. It is no instance of *delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*. We stand or fall, live or die, in great measure by

* Some of whom, by the way, "have more understanding than their teachers." Witness one little female logician of seven years, who horrified her catechist by saying that "though she would like to be good, she would n't, on any account, be very good." Pressed for an explanation, she stated that she had observed that "all the very good children died so young."

the prosperity or misery, life or death, of the smallest and poorest of our social elements. The fever arising or abiding in the close and sickening court or alley, is wafted by an accidental breeze into the stately mansion, or lurks in the clothes which my lord receives fresh from the hands of the "sweater" in his noisome den. The erysipelas propagated amongst the crowded poor, renders the most trifling surgical operation almost equally dangerous to the rich in his magnificent solitude. The heir of large estates jostles the urchin recovering from scarlatina in the streets, and the family which "came over with William the Conqueror" is in a few days extinct. The rich merchant stumbles into a cab or omnibus, and at the same time falls into the arms of the grim skeleton King, who awaits him in the shape of a typhoid emanation from its latest occupant. In short, the mixture implied in a gregarious existence, renders us physically as well as morally responsible for the well-being of our neighbor, in so far as our actions can produce it; and the chapless, motionless jaws of Death are constantly preaching to him who hath ears to hear a terrible sermon on the text of our "universal brotherhood."

Perhaps few of our readers have hitherto sufficiently appreciated the terrible sarcasm upon our existing social arrangements which is concealed in that popular proverb, "God made the country, but man made the town." These pithy sayings, which lie, as it were, at the very heart of the people, seem sometimes to anticipate the scientific discoveries of ages, and to be destined to appeal to whole cycles of human intellect, as well as passion. Nor are they the less true in their general sense, that every man affixes to them his own special private interpretation, which is sometimes a substitute, but more frequently a tag for their catholic meaning. Thus the lover of nature would explain the comparative advantages implied in the above apophthegm by saying that the country meant a clear sky, fresh breezes, green grass, waving trees, running brooks, and the carol of birds; while, conversely, town was associated in his thoughts with a pall of smoke, the reek of shambles, sewers and gas-pipes, a muddy pavement, rows of grimy brick houses, open gutters, and an evening concert, where the parts of nightingales were "kindly taken, on an extremely short notice," by an infinity of cats. The man of delicate organization would merely refer to it as affording a mysterious explanation of the fact that, somehow or other, he never feels well in London; that he has headaches and languor, bad appetite and low spirits, and is only relieved on returning to the spud and paternal acres, to which he feels the imperious attachment described long ago by Horace.*

But all men are not mere lovers of nature or dilettanti agriculturists. Many are wrestling for bread, and some for duty, as the necessary indwellers of large towns, preoccupied by an all-absorbing struggle, which makes life one long continuous action, and scarce gives time for the refinements of sensation.

It is for these, apparently the least concerned in the application of our proverb, that a paradoxical fate has reserved its fullest force. For them, alas, man has made the town; neglecting the means of infor-

mation and improvement, and practically ignoring the choice of good and evil which God has given him; has so made it, that it not only lacks the dispensable pleasures of the country, and disturbs the finely-suspended balance of delicate health, but clutches and wreasts away the very life of a large proportion of those inhabitants whom it was constructed in order to defend and associate in common exertions for a public and general good—which, be it remembered, is after all but the coefficient of their private and individual happiness.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY, 16TH FEB.

"ON THE COMPOUNDS OF COTTON WITH THE ALKALIES," by DR. J. H. GLADSTONE. The author first described the process of Mr. Mercer, by which the beautiful fabrics made known to the public through the Great Exhibition are produced. When cotton, or an article made of that material, is immersed in strong caustic soda in the cold, a certain combination is effected—which is again destroyed by pure water; but the "Mercerized" cotton thus produced is permanently contracted, and rendered more susceptible of dyes. This was illustrated by a number of specimens, much shrunk, so that they assumed an appearance of extraordinary fineness, others puckered in patterns by partial Mercerization, and others again printed with colors which surpassed in depth and brilliancy the colors produced by the same means on the calico in its original state. Dr. Gladstone proceeded to detail experiments by which he had succeeded in obtaining the compound of cotton and soda free from adhering alkali, through the agency of strong, sometimes absolute, alcohol. He found that the proportion of soda which combined with the lignine varied with the strength of the solution employed, but under no circumstances exceeded one atom. There was a varying amount of combined water. Some properties of this compound were discussed, and the author then proceeded to state his conviction, that there was no sufficient ground for viewing the "Mercerized" cotton as chemically different from the original lignine. It is identical in composition, and the change of properties may be accounted for by the change in its physical condition. When viewed under the microscope the fibres in their ordinary condition appear as flattened twisted ribands; but the moment they are touched by the alkaline ley they untwist themselves, contract in length, and swell out, assuming a rounded solid form; and this circular appearance they retain after the soda is removed by water. This not only explains the shrinking, but the cause of a larger quantity of dye being absorbed as the substance of the fibre itself is porous. Potash has a similar action to that of soda.—*Athenæum*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ADVICE TO LOVERS.

LOVERS, who would your flame declare,
Trust to the language of the eyes;
Truth ever is imprinted there,
And the tongue's eloquence supplies.

No clever, well-turned phrases seek,
List to the heart, and not the head;
Let the true heart its own words speak,
And such will ever be well said.

Excess in words should caution raise;
From chosen language true love shrinks;
And he who thinks of what he says,
Says very rarely what he thinks.

* Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros ———
Nunquam dimoveas.

Book i., Ode 1.

From the Critic.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE year 1816, which ushered in a universal European peace, extending from Archangel to Cadiz, from Odessa to Ireland, witnessed also a little event in the city of Edinburgh, apparently of very slight importance, the migration, namely of William Blackwood, the bookseller, from its Old Town to its New. Theretofore, "Old Ebony" had been known chiefly as a retailer of second-hand books, as a staunch tory burghess, and as the Edinburgh agent of John Murray, the famed bookseller of Albemarle Street, and publisher of the *Quarterly Review*. For fourteen years now had the cackling whiggery of Edinburgh, led by Mr. Francis Jeffrey, triumphed over the old-fashioned and orthodox toryism of Scotland. True, for some seven years, *The Quarterly Review* had opposed a certain resistance to the revolutionism and scepticism of *The Edinburgh*; but *The Quarterly* was a London publication; its circulation was chiefly English; and, far and wide, in Scotland, without opponent, swept the light artillery of Mr. Francis Jeffrey. Said William Blackwood to himself—"Here am I, a second-hand bookseller in the Old Town of Edinburgh; why should not I become a first-hand bookseller in the New? Nay, why not become a publisher, and that of a tory and orthodox magazine, which, issuing monthly, shall assail Mr. Francis Jeffrey, and the cackling whiggery of Edinburgh, ere yet, for two months certain, he and it have time to make a periodical reply?" Arthur Seat and the Frith of Forth, the streets and the hubbub of Edinburgh, did not give a negative answer to Mr. William Blackwood's inquiry. Accordingly, the year 1816 beheld him migrate from the Old Town to the New; and the 1st of April, 1817, witnessed the birth of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Its first editors were Thomas Pringle, the South African resident, famed afterwards in connection with South Africa, and one Cleghorn. Not to them, however, belongs more than a four or five months' glory as conductors of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Under them it did not prosper, and soon, litigation intervening, they departed; and the place that knew them knew them no more.

Luckily for "Old Ebony," there were in Edinburgh at this date men of talent and of tory politics, itching for a blow at Mr. Francis Jeffrey, and superior to Thomas Pringle and one Cleghorn. James Hogg was there, full of whiskey and full of humor, fresh from the pastures and the woods of Ettrick. There, too, sweeping unemployed, as a briefless advocate, the boards of Parliament House, was John Gibson Lockhart, a young Oxonian, dangling about the Edinburgh young ladies, full of devilry, practical sarcasm, German and Spanish ballads. There, too, in the same walk of life as he, was a greater than he or than Hogg, John Wilson, to wit, afterwards to be famous as Edinburgh's volcanic Professor of Moral Philosophy, and the Christopher North of *Blackwood's Magazine*. With them, taking deep counsel, "old Ebony" consorted, and found in them a surer and more promising aid than that of Tom Pringle and one Cleghorn. In the famed Chaldee Manuscript, the Ettrick Shepherd laughed to scorn (October, 1817) the departing editors; and soon Scotland and England, and reading Anglo-Saxondom in general, became aware that, under Wilson and Lockhart, there had arisen in the world of letters a

new principality and power, and that its name was *Blackwood's Magazine*.

John Wilson, whom, in old age and with failing health, the whig minister pensioned the other day, was the son of a rich Paisley manufacturer; educated at Oxford, in a style befitting the heir of very considerable wealth. Edinburgh men still repeat to you stories, almost grown mythical now, of the exploits of Oxonian John. How, in vacation-time, he scoured the country with gypsies, a man of herculean frame and strength, carousing, boxing, leaping, racing with the best of them, and of all England. How, having fallen in love, and the parents of the fair lady being adverse, he followed them to rustic inns in the Scottish Highlands, and, disguised as a waiter, tended his loved one, and carried her off from under the hostile parents' nose. More appropriate to the present enterprise, let us report that, with his wealth, he bought him, on leaving Oxford, the beautiful estate of Elleray, near Windermere, being already smitten into worship by the lofty song of Wordsworth; and enlisted with De Quincey among the lakers. Still is there to be read in Coleridge's *Friend* a noble letter, signed "Mathetes," from the pen of Wilson, painting the difficulties that beset, the ardors that inspire a young man's course early in the nineteenth century. To which Mr. Wordsworth himself gave calm reply in the pages of *The Friend*; and Wilson soon afterwards, having apparently lost his money, repaired to the metropolis of Scotland, to undertake lawsuits there, but destined by the fates to be Professor of Moral Philosophy in its university, and to be the presiding spirit of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The whiggery of Mr. Francis Jeffrey, his light disdain of the lake poets, and of men and things Teutonic, his patronizing and semi-depreciatory appreciation of the Elizabethan dramatists and writers, were now monthly met by the overpowering eloquence of Wilson, the keen criticism, and, on occasion, the trenchant sarcasm of Lockhart. From 1820 to 1830, *Blackwood's Magazine* grew to be among the notable things of Britain. The first number of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* was published in the March of 1821, and through its blended fog of steam from the punch-bowl, and smoke of vulgar tobacco, there glared and gleamed, not to be ignored, the glowing poetry of Wilson, and the sparkle of Lockhart's fiery wit. One after another, moreover, the grantees of English literature received fit celebration. Here, not only were the Edinburgh baillies scarified, and the cockney poets and writers, Hunt, Keats Shelley and Hazlitt, covered with infinite ridicule, but ever and anon there was interposed some "Light and Shadow of Scottish Life," by Wilson, or by Lockhart, some subtle and far-reaching essay by De Quincey, some novel of Galt, like the *Ayrshire Legatees*, or of D. M. Moir, like *Mansie Wauch*, some sober lucubration, full of antiquarian learning, by James Crossley, of Manchester, some stray and vivid delineation of far-away human life, like Michael Scott's *Tom Cringle's Log*, that lifted *Blackwood's Magazine* far out of the region of polemics and partisanship, and gave it welcome currency throughout the British dominions, wherever poetry had charms, or geniality an audience, or humor an appreciating circle, or true delineation of reality listeners that could rightly estimate its value.

But although during these ten years from 1820 to 1830, *Blackwood's Magazine* had much to com-

mend it to universal notice, it appears through the whole of the period to have wanted that indispensable personage—an editor. Probably "Old Ebony" himself performed the function, and if shrewdness were enough for it, he would have amply sufficed. But more is needed. It is not enough to tumble into every number of a periodical a quantity of sparkling, or of able articles, which money can generally buy. There must be a presiding spirit, moulding and tuning the contents into what the Germans call "a complete and harmonious whole," and without such a spirit, no ability of contribution can make a periodical successful. With the progress of years, a distinct recognition of this fact seems to have possessed Old Ebony; and by a virtual surrender of the editorship into the hands of John Wilson, (for Lockhart had years before left Edinburgh to edit *The Quarterly Review*), the era of the Reform Bill, which seemed to prove fatal to the political party, of which *Blackwood* was the organ, became in fact the commencement for it of a new and successful career, as the most ably managed, and most uniformly excellent of all contemporary magazines. In what department was it thenceforward at any time deficient, or when and where was that deficiency not immediately repaired! From 1830 onwards, Wilson himself intermingled with the glowing rhapsodies since reprinted, as the *Recreations of Christopher North*, those noble bursts of ethical meditation, and literary criticism, in which the theories of philosophers from Plato to Thomas Brown, the lofty creations of poets from Homer's Achilles, to Spenser's Una, are handled with a power of which you know not whether most to admire, the overwhelming passion, or the subtle and searching discrimination. While D. M. Moir (the "Delta" of *Blackwood*) continued, number after number, to contribute his snatches of graceful, musical, and mostly melancholy verse; his namesake, a much more gifted and accomplished person, George Moir, the advocate of Edinburgh, was making himself known to the initiated as master of an irony, scarcely inferior to Swift's in those *Fragments from the History of John Bull*, which ridiculed the reforming tendency of the age; while from the same pen, a fine series of papers, entitled *Shakspeare in Germany*, testified to the possession on the part of their writer, of a poetical and genial appreciation, second only to that of the great German critics, whose feeling for Shakspeare he now introduced to the English reader. In fiction, above all, was it that the editorship of Wilson secured to the pages of *Blackwood*, a never-failing series of captivating and sterling contributions. When *Tom Cringle's Log* was finished, the *Cruise of the Midge* was begun. Along with Sir Daniel Sandford's adaptations, (such as *Alciades*), from the German of Meissner, proceeded hand in hand the *Passages from the Diary of a late Physician*, and Mr. Warren was allowed to drop the latter only to begin the still more successful story of *Ten Thousand a Year*; while between whiles, Douglas Jerrold introduced his *Men of Character*, and Dr. Croly in his *Marston, or Memoirs of a Statesman*, bestowed the charms of romance on the stern realities of the French Revolution; or Macnish of Glasgow, unrolled the narrative mysteries of the *Modern Pythagorean*. It was the genial and glowing mind of Wilson, too, that in 1837, gave the heartiest welcome to the noble contributions of the late John Sterling, whose thoughtful prose, and sounding verse, whose *Legendary Lore* above all, gave intimations of a higher

spirit than had yet visited the magazine world. And when disease or death removed him from that sphere, it was still Wilson that invited, to fill the gap, Bulwer with his translations from Schiller, and with more than one of those prose fictions, which, culminating in *The Castons*, are not yet probably ended with his *My Novel*—still appearing in the pages of *Blackwood*. It was to the irresistible invitation of Wilson, too, that owed their appearance in *Blackwood*, so many poems of Monckton Milnes, so many paper epics of De Quincey, (from the *Suspiria de Profundis* downwards,) so many masterly translations from the ancients, through Aytoun's Trochaic versions of Homer, and Chapman's translations of plays of Æschylus, to thy happy and graceful renderings of the Greek Anthology, O William Hay, thou friend of our early boyhood! Nor was it less Wilson whom we have to thank, that his son-in-law, James Ferrier, now a professor at Saint Andrews, printed in *Blackwood* the lofty essays, *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness*, in which, to the young eye, the veil seemed withdrawn from the mental holy of holies, and all was dread, mysterious, and creative invisibility!

"Old Ebony" died after a long and prosperous career in 1834, but it was not till some ten years afterwards that "Professor Wilson" ceased to be the controlling spirit of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and gradually abdicated in favor of "Professor Aytoun." "Professor Aytoun," familiarly known as "Willie Aytoun," son of old Roger Aytoun, the Edinburgh W. S.—who is there throughout the length and breadth of Tory Scotland that does not know him! Methinks we see him yet, as we looked up to him with boyish reverence, when, in the George street of Edinburgh, we used to meet his stout youthful figure in dress slightly approaching the dandiacal, with round face, full of rosy bucolic health, and eye-glass significant of short sight. Already had "Willie" become celebrated as the tory scion of a whig family, and not merely as the renderer of Homer into Trochaics, as the ingenious versifier of many a delicately-rhythmed piece in *Blackwood*, and the biographer (showing rare learning) of Richard Cœur-de-Lion in Murray's *Family Library*. Well we remember a west-country inn, after a visit to famed Bothwell Castle, the sun serenely westering in the summer evening sky, all nature glowing in radiant beauty, and we desperately hungry! "Mine host" was inattentive to our humble demands, and from an upper chamber there came the odor and the roar of agricultural revelry. "Whom have you upstairs?" "Oh! Willie Aytoun, and a wheen tory chaps settling the election: I'm a radical myself, but I like the tories, they aye pay weel!" This is the Aytoun who since in literature has become famous as the laureate of Scottish Jacobites and Cavaliers; as the professor of *Belles Lettres* in Edinburgh University; as the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. There, as "my dear Dunshunner," or as "my dear McCorkindale," in many a page of laughing satiric prose, and of smiling satiric verse, too polished almost to be stinging, has he driven his shafts against thee, O thick-skinned Manchester, whose hide is as the hide of the rhinoceros, and who art vulnerable only in the breeches' pocket! Under Professor Aytoun, *Blackwood* flourishes, not with the noisy, bursting health of youth, but with the serene complacency of a well-to-do middle age. There, number after number, Sheriff Alison, "the historian of Europe," discharges with steady regu-

larity, his heavy broadsides at the "Manchester school." There Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., contributes his monthly quota of fiction. There, William Smith, of Kensington, criticizes Comte and Carlyle, and "cuts up" Mr. Hepworth Dixon. There, too, sometimes are to be seen the sparkles of an unmistakable and a unique vivacity. The reader has already guessed the name, and with a cordial smile of welcome on his lip already murmurs fondly: "Once more the omnipresent Lewes!"

HERODOTUS SMITH.

From the Spectator.

BOWEN'S JOURNEY FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO CORFU.*

MR. BOWEN varied the usual mode of getting easily in a steamer from the city of the Sultan to the capital of the Ionian Islands, by landing at Thessalonica, visiting the monasteries of Mount Athos, and then riding through Thessaly and Epirus. The route is not altogether new; Mr. Curzon traversed part of it in his visits to the monasteries of which he has given so amusing an account; Mr. Lear, in his exploration in search of the picturesque, went over much the same ground as Mr. Bowen, except that the cholera shut him out from Mount Athos. The region, however, is by no means exhausted, as regards natural beauty, remains of antiquity, the characteristics of the people, or the singularities of the monasteries and their inhabitants.

To visit these latter, to observe their discipline, acquirements, and mode of living, was one of Mr. Bowen's objects, which gave him a particular pursuit. He was, moreover, well qualified to travel through the country with advantage. He is familiar not only with the ancient Greek authors, but with modern Greek as a living tongue; he seems acquainted with the people and their character; he has the experience and hardihood of a traveller. His composition might be more vivacious in the level parts of his descriptions, but perhaps at the expense of accuracy. The style is always clear and easy; the book will be found unpretending, solid, and informing on a variety of topics.

The exclusion of females from monasteries is common enough, but on Mount Athos it extends to a district and to more than women. "No mare, cow, she-cat, hen, &c., has been, from immemorial custom, admitted into the precincts of the Holy Mountain"; and guards are paid and stationed to keep them out. This strictness is partly the result of tradition and superstition, partly of policy in reference to the preservation of conventual discipline. It must sometimes give rise to odd scenes at the guardhouses; and here is one within the walls.

My companion mentioned to me the superstition held by the sailors of the *Ægean*, that women who have presumed to land on the Holy Peninsula have been invariably struck dead for their impiety; and rather startled me by suddenly asking, "What sort of human creatures are women?" (*Ποιὰν ἀνθρώπων εἶναι αἱ γυναῖκες*;)—just as if a German was to ask, "Was für Menschen sind die Frauenzimmer?" My reply was, "Have you never seen a woman?" (*Δὲς εἰς ποτὶ μίαν γυναῖκα*;) when he assured me that he

had seen only his mother, and that he had forgotten even *her* appearance, as he had been sent to the mountain on a visit to an uncle when only four years old, and he had never crossed its limits since—a period of twenty-four years. He was very inquisitive about women; whom he had heard and read of, but had never seen; of whom, in short, he appeared to know about as much as I know of crocodiles and hippopotamuses. For charity's sake I quoted to him the old rule of St. Bernard, how "the ancient enemy, by female society, has withdrawn many a soul from the right path to Paradise;" and I bade my unsophisticated friend thank Providence that he at least was safe from the dangerous allurements of those syrens of real life, who had assaulted so many anchorites, from St. Antony down to St. Kevin, and who, I told him, were but ugly likenesses of the pictures of the Virgin in the convent churches. This was no extravagant compliment to the fair sex, for the Greeks are too much afraid of idolatry to represent any such "eyes of most unholy blue" as beam from the canvas of the Italian masters. All their pictures of saints are in a style of traditional and conventional ugliness. Before my departure, I amused myself by translating into Greek Anacreontic verse, and leaving for the edification of the good fathers, as many appropriate couplets in the "Irish Melodies" as I could call to mind; for instance,

Alas! the poor monk little knew
What that wily sex can do,

and the like.

The convents at Meteora, erected upon mountains inaccessible except by ladders or a primitive kind of crane, have been made familiar by Mr. Curzon's pen and pencil. Mr. Bowen did not feel inclined to scale the perpendicular cliffs by means of very questionable-looking ladders, but ventured up in the net. A report was rife that the rope had broken not long before, and a monk been dashed to pieces; but our traveller judiciously argued, there will now be a new rope, and greater care after such an accident.

I fired off a pistol, to attract the attention of the monks; when, long before the echo reverberated by the cliffs around had died away over Pindus, two or three cowed heads were thrust out from under the covered platform projecting from the summit of the rock, and which resembles the shed on the top story of a lofty London warehouse. The rope, too, is worked in a similar way, by a pulley and windlass. After reconnoitring us for a moment, and seeing that we were not strong enough to carry their monastery by a coup de main, the monks threw down what seemed a strong cabbage-net, lowering at the same time a thick rope with an iron hook at its end. My guide spread the net on the ground, and I seated myself in it cross-legged. He then gathered the meshes together over my head, and hung them on the hook. The monks above then worked their windlass, and in about three minutes and a half I reached the summit, a distance of between two hundred and three hundred feet, swinging to and fro in the breeze, and turning round like a joint of meat roasting before a slow fire. This inconvenience might easily be prevented by another rope being held by a person below, as is done in the shafts of mines; but that is a Cornish luxury which has not yet occurred to the good fathers. Of course, as I begin to ascend, my weight draws the net close, until my knees are pulled up to my chin, and I am rolled into a ball like a hedgehog. The guide told me to shut my eyes to escape giddiness; but I soon opened them, on feeling myself banged pretty sharply against the rough side of the rock; and I swung myself off again by a convulsive push of the knees. The height is, indeed, dizzy enough; for I could no longer see the narrow ledge from which I had started, nor the wind-

* Mount Athos, Thessaly, and Epirus; a Diary of a Journey from Constantinople to Corfu. By George Fergusson Bowen, Esq., M. A., Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford. Published by Rivington.

ing path which led to it, but looked right down on the plain of Thessaly, a thousand feet or more beneath. During the ascent, the rope occasionally slips from one spoke to another on the windlass; when of course you fall like a piece of lead for a few yards, and are then caught up with a mightily disagreeable jerk. On reaching the level of the projecting shed above, you are left hanging for half a minute over the abyss till the monks leave the capstan, and fish you in with a pole like a boat-hook. They have no such contrivance as a turning-crane for landing their guests; in fact, their machinery is altogether of a most primitive order. You lie on the floor a perfectly helpless ball, until they undo the meshes of the net from the hook, unroll you, give you a gentle shake, and then help you to your feet.

It is a moot point in ethnology, whether man can improve of himself—whether a people removed from foreign influence or stimulus can advance their character and condition, though there is no doubt that they can deteriorate fast enough. Some facts appear to support the negative of this question. The mountaineers of Kurdistan and its vicinity are now as Xenophon found them. The Highlanders of Scotland remained in the same condition for many centuries, and might have still continued as they were had not the landlords taken to clearing their estates. As yet all efforts on the Irish peasant have been fruitless. Even in England, with its railroads, its penny postage, and its press, places ever so little out of the main stream of traffic are very primitive in manners, ideas, and language; and doubtless would be in costume, but for some adventurous tailor, or the sheer impossibility of getting the ancient articles except at the price of a "fancy dress." Notwithstanding the Roman, Barbarian, and Moslem conquests, that have rolled over Thessaly and Epirus, the peasant seems much as he was thousands of years ago.

The incursions of those insects known to the initiated as B flats and F sharps, which swarm more at Acanthus than in any other spot with which I am acquainted; and the roaring of the storm round and through the frail wooden hut in which I was lodged, insured my enjoying nearly the whole night what Milton calls "a sober certainty of waking bliss." However, I consoled myself as well as I could by calling to mind the graphic accounts of Aristophanes in several of his dramas of similar sufferings in Greek houses of old. A close observation of the peasantry of his own time could alone have enabled him to describe so vividly in his "Plutus" the wretched lot of his countrymen when the demon of poverty shall have established its reign over the land. His words apply with singular closeness to the domestic manners and usages of the lower orders of the present day. I may remark, too, that Aristophanes in the "Frogs" introduces Bacchus on his journey to Hades with an equipage very similar to that now customary among the less luxurious class of modern travellers in Greece. And the fireside of every peasant exhibits exactly the same scene as the cottage of Eumæus; while the agricultural implements and usages of the present day are nearly those of the times of Hesiod.

The later Romans regarded Grecian history pretty much as Voltaire and the sceptics of the last century looked at ancient history in general.

Creditor olim
Vellificatus Athos, et quidquid Grecia mendax
Audet in historia.

The researches of Mr. Bowen have confirmed the veracity of Herodotus by tracing the site of the canal.

We are off before daybreak; and half a mile from our night's quarters we pass one of the farms belonging to the monks, situated on the brow of the low ridge which separates the plain of Erisso from the vale of Prónlaka, as the peasants call the narrowest part of the isthmus: evidently the modern corruption (the accusative being, as usually in Romaine, substituted for the nominative, and *av* pronounced like *av*.) of Proaulax, (*Προαυλαξ*), the canal in front of Mount Athos, excavated by Xerxes for the passage of his fleet. The features and breadth of this neck of land are exactly described by Herodotus: "The isthmus is about twelve furlongs across; it consists partly of level ground and partly of low hills, reaching from the sea of the Acanthians to the sea of Torone opposite." The site of the canal is a hollow between natural banks, and several artificial mounds and substructions of walls can be traced along it. It does not seem to have been more than sixty feet wide; and as history does not mention that it was ever kept in repair after the time of Xerxes, the waters from the heights around have nearly filled it up with soil in the course of ages. As, however, no part of its level is a hundred feet above the sea, it might be renewed without much labor; and there can be no doubt that it would be useful to the navigation of the Ægean, as such is the fear entertained by the Greek boatmen of the strength and uncertain direction of the currents around Mount Athos, and of the gales and high seas to which its vicinity is subject, that scarcely any price will tempt them during the winter months to sail from one side of the peninsula to the other. Xerxes was therefore justified in cutting the canal, the work being very easy from the nature of the ground. Moreover, the losses experienced by the former expedition under Mardonius would suggest the idea; and the Persians had at their disposal vast numbers of men, among whom, too, were Babylonians and Egyptians, experienced in such undertakings.

Our traveller also throws some light on the bird of wisdom, which we, not having the original, transform into our owl.

In the evening, I wandered by the light of a sweet half-moon to the side of one of the hills overhanging the monastery; where I lay down and mused for hours undisturbed by any sound but the gentle ripple of the waves below and the quaint cry of one of those little horned owls about the size of a thrush, which are almost unknown in England, but are common in Greece and Italy. The little creature, as usual, seemed utterly regardless of my presence, and sat on a withered bough within a few feet of me, pouring forth its peculiar cry and twisting itself into the most fantastic shapes. This is the real owl of Minerva, so venerated of old by the Athenians, and can be perfectly tamed with great ease. A number of them are kept in the University of Corfu, because an owl is borne on the arms of that institution; on the same principle, in short, as that on which bears are preserved at Berne, eagles at Geneva, storks at the Hague, and lions were formerly preserved in the Tower of London. Far from seeming to complain

Of such as, wandering near their secret bower,
Molest their ancient solitary reign,

they usually appear to feel a fellowship with the solitary being who delights in contemplating at the same hour as themselves the gloomy scenes which they choose as their favorite haunts. I have seen them among the ruins of the Coliseum and of the Parthenon, on the plain of Troy, and on the heights of Syracuse, seated, as to-night, close by me on a broken arch or fallen pillar, and hooting with a certain tone of mockery, varied with that of a more plaintive character. As the mournful or the sarcastic tone prevails, one might almost fancy the bird of Minerva demanding sympathy with its lament for the ruin of a once favorite

seat of the arts and sciences over which she of old presided ; or the bird of desolation inviting to rejoice with it over the wreck of ancient glories, a member of our great Teutonic race—"Heirs," as we are, "of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

This work was originally published in successive numbers of the *Colonial Church Chronicle*. It now appears with revisions and additions in the form of a volume, and is much worthier of republication than many more ambitious-looking books.

From the Examiner.

English Songs, and other Small Poems. By BARRY CORNWALL. A new Edition, with additions. Chapman and Hall.

THE *English Songs* of Barry Cornwall, excellently printed in a pocket volume for the price of half a crown, have heretofore received due welcome from us ; and so long has the poet who adopts this pseudonym been fixed in the affection of all English readers, that we have only to announce the publication of another very neat edition (with additions) of those same songs, if it were only our desire to recommend its purchase. Praise in a case like this is now superfluous. Among English poets and song-writers Barry Cornwall has become the good wine that needs no bush. Yet, for all that, good wine is a commodity which one feels pleasure in praising. Moreover in this new edition there is a "First Part," containing poems now first published, or now first gathered from outlying fields into the common fold, and we shall please our readers and ourselves by telling of them. No, we shall please best by quoting.

Here is a light-hearted strain on an important subject—one of those human privileges about which a man might be justified in speaking with a serious decision.

A Partie Carrée.

Boys, 't is little I care to dine
Where the host is vain and the guests are fine,
Where the wines are warm and the dishes cold,
And the mutton is young and the spinster old.
Better a humble meal, I say ;
So give me an honest *Partie Carrée*.

Draw the curtains, and shut the door !
Here we are jolly good fellows four ;
The turbot is firm, and the joint is brown,
Cut from a six-year-old South-down ;
Tender the grouse, and not forgot
A tart of the delicate apricot.

Now for a glass of the foaming wine,
One should drink (a little) whenever we dine :
And, pr'ythee, admire this amber star ;
Sir, this is "London particular !"
After the cloth's away, I throw,
There's nought like a bottle of black Bourdeaux.

So, let a simple life be mine,
Always with three brave boys to dine.
At supper, indeed, one would rather sip
Nectar drawn from a tender lip ;
But at dinner, spread at the close of day,
Give me a hearty *Partie Carrée*.

Here are verses in another tone :—

The Complaint of an Outlying Christian.

Winter is all around,
With its hunger, and cold, and pain ;

Last night the frost—to-day the sleet—
To-morrow the roaring rain !

Our hut it had many a cranny,
That let in the wind and cold,
On you and me and our children three,
And our mother, so starved and old.

But now we are driven abroad—
Forced out from our wretched Home :
'T was bad—but there's worse in the fierce wide
world ;
So let's gather our rags and roam.

Now the clouds are our only roof—
The earth is our only bed ;
No friend—or he stands aloof !
Not a penny to buy us bread !

The bird has her nest on high,
The tiger below his den ;
And they each have a friend, in the bird or brute,
But I am alone—with men ;

With men that oppress and prey,
And cozen, and rob, and lie,
And laugh, whilst their brothers pine and starve :
They are merry—then why not I ?

Come on ! We have sought for work
In vain—not a man would hire ;
We begged for a crust—in vain,
And lay down with our throats on fire.

So now let us cheat and prey,
And plunder and lie—and then
We shall haply have food to eat,
And may thrive like our fellow-men.

As it is, we have struggled and toiled
(How hard !) through our whole life long ;
And all we at last have gained
Is—but matter for one poor song.

And again—in a strain not unworthy of the
truest and most pathetic of the old lyrics of Eng-
land :—

The Mother's Song.

Sleep !—the ghostly winds are blowing :
No moon's abroad ; no star is glowing :
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going !

We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are !

I lost my heart to your heartless sire ;
('T was melted away by his looks of fire ;)
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire :—

But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel ; the world's untrue :
Our foes are many ; our friends are few :
No work, no bread, however we sue !
What is there left for us to do—

But fly—fly,
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest depths—and die !

The delight of Barry Cornwall's verse lies in the conviction which comes to the mind of every reader, that its harmony is genuine, that it is a far strain heard out of the inner music in a poet's mind, as we hear the church-organs from the fields in summer time. We never catch the rhymer meas-

uring his feet upon his fingers, and scratching his heart for a sentiment or scratching his head for an idea. Of a spirit pure and musical, his verses are the pure and musical expression. Man and muse cannot in this case be at odds with one another. We must again make silence for a

Song.

Sing a low song !
A tender cradling measure, soft and low,
Not sad nor long,
But such as we remember long ago,
When Time, now old, was flying
Over the sunny seasons, bright and fleet,
And the red rose was lying
Amongst a crowd of flowers all too sweet.

Sing o'er the bier !
The bell is swinging in the time-worn tower :
He's gone who late was here,
As fresh as manhood in its lustiest hour.
A song to each brief season,
Winter and shining summer, doth belong,
For some sweet human reason—
O'er cradle or the coffin still a song.

And now, for a Dirge, sweet as Webster could have sung—and quite as sad :—

Dirge.

Farewell ! Day is done !
Love died at the set of sun !
Joy we found ;—but it is lost ;
And Life is weary, and tempest-tossed.

Farewell ! World of Gold !
Nought of ours was bought or sold :
Hearts were given, sweet for sweet :
But our Summer is now in its winding-sheet.

All that God, the giver, gave,
Sleepeth now in a virgin grave ;
A flower above and the mould below ;
And this is all that the mourners know.

Farewell ! The torches burn ;
But Hope, the Seraph, will not return ;
Love died at the set of sun ;
And darkness falls, and the Day is done !

Finally, we may quote, still from the new matter, some other lines, very thoughtful as well as beautiful :—

Man and Beast.

In the field the beast feedeth,
And the bird upon the bough :
Man manly thoughts breedeth ;
You may read them on his brow :

There—behind his eyes, are growing
Wonders, shortly to be born.
See you not his fancies flowing
Over, like the light of morn ?

Sometimes, as a cloud doth travel
O'er the blue, sweet, summer air,
Sadder, graver thoughts are floating,
Shadowing what were else so fair.

Shadowing ! deepening all the meaning
That doth stream from out his brain
Day and night, and soar and traverse
All the worlds of joy and pain.

Thought must bloom, whate'er its leisure ;
You may read it on his brow :—
All this time the beast is feeding,
And the bird upon the bough !

And having quoted these, we do not know why we have quoted them and left others out. Not as the best, but rather as an average example of the music that can still be uttered by a poet of whose former strains the world needs no reminder, the foregoing extracts have been given.

From the Critic.

[*Vita di Niccolò Paganini da Genova scritta da Giancarlo Conestabile.*] *Life of N. Paganini.* Perugia, 1851. 8vo.

"ONLY a fiddler!"—but, then, such a fiddler. We remember the *Paganini*-fever as many, some twenty years hence, will remember the *Lind*-fever and similar epidemics. We remember, in a provincial town, seeing, on a temporary stage a tall, lank, wizard-looking being, with long dark hair falling over his shoulders, and an eye and face expressing together the genius and the sensualist, eliciting thunders of applause from a numerous audience for his marvellous performances on the violin, which, in his thin, transparent, skeleton-like left hand, became at will a one-stringed or a twenty-stringed instrument rising from its full natural tones to the softness and sweetness of the flageolet, or imitating the tinkling of the harp. We remember hearing of amateurs on the violin, who, after listening to his wild, beautiful, passionate and sometimes unearthly feats on the single distended cat-gut, went home some to smash, some to impregnate their Cremonas in utter despair of ever approaching within a thousand leagues of his excellence.

This strange mixture of dross and gold was born at Genoa, the 18th February, 1784. His father, Antonio, and his mother, Teresa, were both dilettanti in music, and were not long in discerning in their youthful son a strong taste for the art they cultivated. To encourage this taste his mother had, or pretended to have, an angelic vision, and in the morning thus spake to him: "My son, thou shalt become a great musician; for an angel, radiant with beauty, appeared to me this night, and has listened to the prayer I made him. I prayed him that thou mayest become the first of violinists, and the angel has promised it shall be so." From this time the study of the violin became his sole object, and it was not many years before he surprised and delighted the most eminent masters of that instrument with his compositions and performances. It was at the end of one of his concerts in Paris when some one asked Rossini what he thought of Paganini, that the great composer replied, letting us into the secret of

A MUSICIAN'S TEARS.

I have wept only three times in my life; the first time, when my first opera fell to the ground on the first representation; the second, when being out in a boat with some friends, a truffled turkey we were to have eaten fell into the water; and the third, when I heard Paganini for the first time.

It was at Lucca where he first astonished the world by performing on one string. Here is his own account:

HOW PAGANINI BEGAN TO PLAY ON ONE STRING.

At Lucca I directed the orchestra every time the reigning family attended the opera. Often, also, I was invited to the court circle, and fortnightly gave a grand concert. The Princess Eliza always retired before the close, for the harmonious sounds of my instrument agitated her nerves too keenly. A very

amiable lady, whom for a long time I had adored in *petto*, showed herself on the contrary, very assiduous at these *réunions*, and I came to discover that she had a secret inclination for me. Gradually our mutual liking grew. * * * One day I promised to surprise her at the first concert with a musical gallantry, which should have allusion to our mutual love and friendship. At the same time I announced to the court a novelty under the title of *scena amorosa*. The general curiosity was keenly excited, but what was the astonishment of the company on seeing me enter with a violin having two strings only—the bass and the treble! The former expressed the feelings of a young man who addressed his mistress in the most impassioned language. A tender and sentimental dialogue was thus established, followed soon after by transports of jealousy. * * * The two lovers were finally reconciled, more enamored of each other than ever, and executed a *passo a due*, which terminated in a brilliant *finale*. This *scena* was successful, not to speak of the glances which the lady of my thoughts let fall upon me. The Princess Eliza, after loading me with compliments, said with much graciousness—"You have done the impossible on two strings, will not one suffice for your talent?" I promised to make the experiment. The idea haunted my imagination, and some weeks after I had composed a *sonata* for the fourth string, entitled *Napoleon*, which I executed before a numerous and brilliant court. The success far exceeded my expectations, and hence my predilection for the *sol* string from that day.

"This," says one of his biographers, "is a more reasonable liking for the fourth or *sol* string of the violin, than that he was confined in prison on an accusation of murder, where he was only allowed the use of a violin with one string." He further supposes that the rumor may have arisen from the following circumstances:—A violinist, formerly a pupil of Viotti, who had changed his name, Durand, into Duranowski, lived in Milan at the same time as Paganini. Led away by bandits, the unfortunate artist broke with them, during the night, into a remote farm-house. He was condemned to a long imprisonment, and his violin was brought to him in his cell as a special favor. What became of this artist was never properly known. All such may have been the case, but at the same time it is known, and admitted by his biographers, that, when emancipated from paternal control, he led a most discreditable life, gambled, formed improper *liasons*, and was the associate of not a few distinguished black-legs. From 1808 to 1813, he was almost entirely lost sight of, and respecting this period of his life he would never afford any satisfactory explanation. On the other hand, it is possible that envy may have greatly exaggerated his faults, and calumny gathers bulk as it rolls along. At Vienna he was accused of having poisoned his wife; and when it was proved that he had never been married, then it was, that he had poignarded his mistress. These rumors impelled him to make a declaration in one of the musical journals, which thus finishes: "I protest, as much in the interest of my reputation and honor as of truth, that never at any time or place, or under any government whatsoever, have I been constrained by any motive, to lead other life than what becomed a free man, an honorable citizen, and a strict observer of the laws." We have no wish to uncover the errors of genius, nor to gloze over those which genius, sometimes, casts too obtrusively before the public eye.

To follow Paganini throughout his musical

career, or to note circumstantially his pilgrimages and vagaries, is not our intention. Out of his own country he first appeared in Vienna in 1828, at the invitation of Prince Metternich. His success was great, the public were enraptured, and the mechanism of his execution the most eminent musicians of that capital were unable to solve. Among others, Meseyder asked him—"How do you produce these marvellous effects, which have something in them supernatural?" Smiling, he gave the characteristic reply, "Every one has his secrets, my dear sir." At Prague he was coldly received; in Brussels he was laughed at. Berlin made atonement for the Bohemian capital in the enthusiastic reception she gave him. "Here," he exclaimed, "I have found my Viennese public again!" From Berlin he went to Warsaw, from Warsaw to Holland, from Holland to Paris, and reached England in 1831. The visit of the *maestro* to this country must still be remembered by thousands, who rushed to his concerts, content to pay the most exorbitant prices and to endure any amount of pressure in the crowd short of collapse. Brighton was in a state of riot almost, because he charged four shillings to the gallery, but the notes of his fiddle soon dispelled every sign of bad temper, and his progress through the three kingdoms was a series of triumphs. People heard of his avarice and of tales little to his advantage, but they cared only to hear him draw his bow across the string of his violin, surrendered their shillings ungrudgingly, and lost all memory of scandal, for the time they were under his influence at least.

In 1837, Paganini gave the proceeds of two concerts in Turin, amounting to 30,000 francs, to the poor. Paternal love, in this instance, triumphed over his cupidity. He hoped, by this instance of generosity, to obtain, through the King of Sardinia, the legitimization of a natural son he had by a noble lady, but did not succeed in his object.

For several years prior to his death, which ensued on the 27th May, 1840, at Nice, from disease of the larynx, Paganini did not appear much in public. His immense fortune he left in legacies to his two sisters, in an annuity of about 50*l.* to his mother, in an annuity of similar amount to the mother of his son Achillino, (a Venetian Jewess, who had long been his *friend* and companion in travel, and from whom he had separated, fearing her violent temper, and the destruction of his *cremonas*.) and the rest of his fortune, amounting to above four millions of francs, he left to his natural son.

Our author has industriously collected all he could find relating to his subject, but he has not greatly added, after all, to the materials we find in former biographers of Paganini. He has collected all the complimentary verses addressed to him, and mentions the various presents made him, and compliments paid him on various occasions. Conestabile further enters largely into the state of musical art in Italy and other countries, about the advent of Paganini, and gives a good deal of musical gossip respecting eminent composers and instrumental performers, which will make his book, with all his pomposity and partialities, interesting to those who can master its technology, and who may desire to trace the history and influences of a particular species of music through a limited interval.

Sorrow shows us truths as the night brings out stars.

PART XIV.

EVENTS come round in cycles. In 1750, the winter was as mild as that which has just passed, and the spring very early. In Sweden, the "steel nights," which are generally felt in all their rigor somewhere about the last week in February, were so entirely absent, that lands were sown in Upland in that week; the usual time for sowing in Sweden seldom arriving before April. Harald Bæck, who records this unusual mildness and its consequences, adds, that he is not ignorant that the lands in some of the northern provinces, especially those which abound in clay, require early sowing, that the ground may be broken with less trouble, and that the first shoots of the barley may make their way through it before it grows stiff. He adds, that the people of Schonen, and others that dwell near the sea, sow late, whether the spring be early or not; and that sometimes to their great loss, for no other reason than that they received this custom from their ancestors. The most northern inhabitants of Sweden find it necessary to sow as soon as the frost breaks up, that the short summer may perfectly ripen the grain before the winter approaches. For as eggs require a fixed time for the exclusion of the young, so the barley does in different provinces to ripen the seed.* Harald then gives a table of the times of sowing in different localities, in different years, the latest time being the 18th of June, and the earliest the 16th of April. He concludes, from these observations, that the sowing of barley nearly coincides with the foliation of the birch, at least in Upland, and other places adjacent. He remarks, that it is a popular error, that less time passes between the sowing and ripening of wheat in their northern provinces than at Upsal, and that this happens, because the summer days are longer in the north, and there is scarcely any night to retard its growth. But this error is made evident by the grain ripening in as short a time in Schonen as in Lapland; for barley, in the champaign part of Schonen, is sown about the 29th of May, and reaped sooner than in Upland. But why barley ripens later in Upland and Wessmania, than in the other provinces of Sweden, he confesses to be an absolute secret to him.†

With us, though Aquarius has been predominant, there has been hardly any freezing—none of any consequence—though as late as the 12th of February, I saw ice on the water in St. James' Park, as if Jack Frost was determined to show that his power was not utterly extinct. But the yellow aconite and primroses were in bloom early in January; and on the 10th of that month, baskets full of them were exposed for sale in Covent Garden Market. On the 12th the posies of wall-flowers, polyantheses, and garden anemones, were hawked about the streets; and on the 19th, wall-flowers, with some of the blossoms ex-

panded, which had been dug up for planting in the suburbs, and in the broken pan of the artisan, to remind him that there is such a place as the country, which he is beginning to forget, were pitched there in full panniers. On the 11th and 12th of February, crocuses were to be seen expanding their golden chalices in some of the miniature London gardens—gardens which, as the late Lord Canterbury said of poor dear Theodore Hook's at Fulham, look as if they might be kept in order with a pair of scissors and a toothpick; but I saw those welcome heralds of spring, decked with their glowing tabards as early as the 2nd of that month some few years since.

The Frost-genius takes his opportunities of convincing mortals that his reign has not passed away, by a demonstration of more than ordinary severity, as he did in 1783-4, when Paris especially was frozen to her very marrow, and the greatest distress prevailed; nor did the thaw permanently take place till late in February. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette put forth all their benevolent powers to relieve the pinching misery of that icy grasp, and the blessings of the people were inscribed on obelisks of snow as durable as their gratitude.

19th January.—A genial afternoon, with a good spice of an *old* May day in it, led me to the Zoological Gardens, where a Tapir was lounging about in the open air, as comfortable apparently as if it had been in South America. Hippo very much grown, and thriving admirably. His food still oatmeal and milk, and it must be told—as the well-bred Hamet informed me in a whisper—"Many horse-dung;" of which latter condiment he consumes a great deal, and has long done so. This reminded me of a passage in Sparman, in which he anticipates the possibility of bringing one of these animals to Europe. Speaking of the sucking hippopotamus which he captured and dissected, the Swedish doctor says, "I am apt to suppose that one a little older than this would not be very nice in its food; as that which we caught was induced by hunger, as soon as it was let loose near the wagon, to put up with something not extremely delicate, which had been just dropped from one of our oxen."

It is not at all improbable that the animal took this, not from pressure of hunger, but as a corrective to the milk, the curd of which was found in its stomach; and it is possible, that the sucking hippopotamus, in a state of nature, may have recourse to the droppings of the parent for that purpose. This does not seem to have occurred to Sparman, who, after relating his anecdote, observes, that this may appear very extraordinary in an animal with four stomachs; but there have been instances of this kind known in common cattle, which in Herjedal, are partly fed with horse-dung. He states, that he has been assured, that this method of feeding cattle has been practised with great advantage in Upland when there has

* Amana. Aana.

† Ibid.

been a scarcity of fodder; and that afterwards, these same cattle, even when they have not been in want of proper fodder, have taken to this food of their own accord, and have eaten it without anything else being mixed with it.

The regimen has agreed with our Hippo wonderfully. No animal could be in better health. He was thoroughly enjoying existence in his bath, wherein he spends more time as he grows older. The teeth are just come through, and he seemed to take pleasure in champing Professor Owen's stick when held near its mouth, as a child would use a coral. When he rises after his submersion, he shakes the water from his ears with a brisk motion; this he invariably does when he emerges. The overlapping of the huge upper lip stands him in good stead when he wishes to expel the water from his mouth. He drives it backwards with considerable force, and the water rushes from under the overlap, as if from a gigantic pair of gills. When in its natural state, the animal feeds upon water-plants, scooped up by its enormous teeth, these sluices must be very convenient for getting rid of the mud and water.

The great tortoise had buried its head in the sand in the Ostrich-house up to the shoulders; but the greater portion of the shell and the lower extremities were exposed. I *hope* it may be alive, but I have my misgivings. Not one of the large tortoises that I recollect has survived. Yet White's old tortoise retired annually under his bunch of hepaticas, and lay snug in the ground, open to every skyey influence, till rejoicing nature bade winter farewell. A smaller one rested its head upon the sand, but had not buried itself at all.

I suspect that we do not know how to manage these creatures, which perish in consequence of the artificial life they lead. The hibernation is incomplete—and this intermediate state, this life in death, neither one thing nor the other. The animal consequently loses its balance and dies!

So! The Polar Bear has escaped a *vinculo matrimonii*, and remains in his bachelor's den on a separate maintenance. I thought how it would be. They led a regular cat and dog life; she growling and snapping whenever he came near her, and he looking and acting like a thorough Jerry Sneak, and giving unmistakable evidence of his anxiety to get out of such company, by rearing himself up against the walls of his prison, and examining every part of it—not without effect. For, some days since, he scaled the smooth wall of the yard, and, notwithstanding the inverted cheval-de-frise with which it was fortified, got clear of his prison and his termagant wife at once. He was discovered, early one morning, near the Dromedary-house, by a blacksmith who had come to his work.

The blacksmith looked at the white bear, and the white bear looked at the blacksmith, who, like a valiant and wise smith, did not run, but stood his ground and shouted; whereupon the bear retreated into a bush of laurel. Presently the bear put

forth his nose, as if meditating an advance, when the smith shouted again, and the bear again drew back. This amœbean scene continued till the shouts of the man collected some of the keepers, who instantly took measures for his recapture. He walked off, got upon the shed at the end of the new aviary, and descended thence into the paddock. Hereabouts, Cocksedge, who some years back boldly marched up to a crouching lion, of which he had the care, but which had escaped from the old temporary Carnivora-house near the spot where the Dromedary-house now stands, and was ogling some antelopes and deer in the adjoining close with no amorous intentions, came up with the bear. Him he treated differently from the lion, whom he seized by the mane, and led back to his den; but the bear having no mane, Cocksedge tackled "The Polar," as he is called in some of the Fair bills, in a different way. The brave keeper advanced with a strong rope, which had a running noose, and threw it over the monster's neck; and then he pulled, and the bear pulled, till the rope broke. Bruin quietly lifted his arm, and, with his fore-paw, disengaged himself of the noose. Cocksedge, nothing daunted, caught him with another rope, and a struggle ensued, the infuriated beast biting the rope till he got free, and walking on, followed by a detachment of keepers, who managed, by heading him at proper intervals, and showing a bold front, to keep him out of the park. While they were trying to prevent this, he made a desperate, but, luckily, ineffectual rush at one of the men. At last, by dint of marches and counter-marches, they so managed their tactics, that they drove him gradually up to the door of a den which stood invitingly open, and in he went, and was secured; not, however, without dashing with all his weight and strength at the gate of his new prison. This escape led to an immediate order for caging the whole of the white-bear yard overhead with iron, where Bruin is again domiciled with his partner, a reconciliation having taken place; and, now, with the exception of an occasional squabble, not uncommon in such cases, they get on very well together.

But we must return to the reptile-house, and, like the witch of Ben-y-gloe, finish our snakes.*

And here I would venture to suggest an im-

* Those who have not had the pleasure of reading Mr. Scrope's stirring book on Deer-stalking had better possess themselves of it at once; and there they will find the witch surrounded by all the horrors in which M. G. Lewis, that "jewel of a man," as Byron called him, could envelop her. Here is a morsel or two by way of a whet:—

She heard him on her mount of stone,
Where, on snakes alive, she was feeding alone;
And straight her limbs she anointed all
With basilisk's blood, and viper's gall.

But seeing, before away she sped,
That her snakes, half-eaten, were not yet dead,
She crushed their heads with fiendish spite,
But had not the mercy to kill them quite.

Now, if lords and ladies are curious to know
What became of the witch when she left Ben-y-gloe,
'T is right to inform them, for fear of mistakes,
That home she went, and finished her snakes.

provement in the ordering and keeping the reptiles, which must materially affect the comfort and health of the fine specimens which are there preserved. Generally speaking, reptiles, snakes especially, are very fond of water, not merely for the purpose of drinking, but of taking a bath. Most of the boas and pythons, of which there is such a fine show, haunt the neighborhood of waters in their natural state; and in the summer months, the serpents in the reptile-house may be observed availing themselves of the scanty accommodations afforded them. On the 28th of July, in the last year, there was not a single serpent, with the exception of what may be termed the more arid species, that was not making the most of the milk-pans of water, that did duty for baths. It was at once ludicrous and painful to see the efforts of the more gigantic snakes to cool their heated systems in an allowance of fresh water, which would be considered stinted in a long voyage. The rock-snake could do no more than get its head, and no great part of its neck, into its pan, and there the head lay motionless, except when it was, ever and anon, plunged under the surface, the brandished bifid tongue proclaiming the relish with which the fevered animal, enclosed in glass, enjoyed the limited relief. Think what a magnificent sight it would be to see the Oular Sawa,* and the grand Python Sebæ, disporting in a well-filled bath of adequate dimensions. The pans do tolerably well for the smaller serpents, which show the gratification that they feel by coiling themselves up in them with nothing but their head out. One of these was thus coolly reposing while a little fish, destined for its maw, was quietly swimming about in the pan, utterly unconscious of the deadly vicinage. But any one who has observed the graceful sinuosities of our pretty ringed snake,† in crossing a pond, must feel how much is lost by depriving the spectator of a satisfactory view of the animal while obeying its natural instincts, to the gratification of both. These snakes will take fish as well as frogs, but rarely, and then most probably in consequence of a scarcity of their ordinary batrachian diet. The snake generally takes the frog behind, as the latter is fleeing from its deadly enemy; and, in such cases, the frog is swallowed rump foremost, the hinder legs being protruded forwards and sticking out in a sort of amorphous bunch with the head, as the unhappy frog is gradually swallowed alive. It is very distressing to witness this operation, rendered more painful by the shrill cries of the frog; and I have more than once liberated the agonized patient, while fishing, by striking the serpent's head and neck with the point of my rod—a piece of humanity somewhat questionable, especially as I do not remember that I left off pulling out the trouts upon such occasions; but then they did not cry. The process of deglutition is horrible to behold, and the martyred frog descends into its living sepulchre a living thing.

Mr. Bell saw a little one, which had been swallowed by a very large snake, leap out of the mouth of the latter, taking advantage of an unlucky gape of the snake after the operation was over—an action which is not uncommon with serpents immediately after they have swallowed their prey; and he heard, on another occasion, a frog distinctly utter its peculiar cry several minutes after it had been swallowed by the snake; this I can confirm. Sometimes two snakes seize upon one luckless frog at the same time—a joint seizure, which is not very likely to happen when the animals are at liberty, and in their natural state, but which passed under the eyes of Mr. Bell, the litigant parties being in imprisonment.

He tells us that, on placing a frog in a large box, in which were several snakes, one of the latter instantly seized it by one of the hinder legs; and, immediately afterwards, another of the snakes took forcible possession of the fore legs of the opposite side. Each continued its inroads upon the poor frog's limbs and body, till the upper jaws of the snakes met, and one of them slightly bit the jaw of the other; this was immediately retaliated, Mr. Bell thinks without any hostile feeling, *quere tamen*, as the lawyers say; for, after one or two such accidents, the strongest of the snakes commenced shaking the other, which still kept its hold of the frog, with great violence, from side to side, against the sides of the box. Then the combatants rested for a few moments, when the other returned to the attack; and at length the one which had last seized the frog, having a less firm hold, was shaken off, and the conqueror swallowed the prey. Mr. Bell, who did not throw his warder down during this gentle passage of arms, then put another frog into the box, which was at once seized and swallowed by the unsuccessful combatant.*

My observations agree with those of Mr. Bell in cases where the snake seizes the frog by the middle of the body. The serpent then turns the frog, and swallows it head foremost, as the great constricting serpents do by their prey when they have killed and crushed it by the pressure of their enormous folds. It is curious to observe the adaptation of power by these constrictors. When a comparatively small boa, or python, seizes a rabbit, it becomes a congeries of coils around the victim; a large one applies one fold just sufficient to kill without the useless application of further muscular pressure. In taking lizards and birds, the common snake swallows the prey head foremost, for the obvious reason of security; such, at least, is the result of my observation, as well as that of Mr. Bell, who kept a number of these serpents, one of which was an especial pet, and distinguished its master from all other persons. When let out of its box it would immediately go to him, and creep under the sleeve of his coat, where it would lie revelling in the warmth.

* *Python reticulatus*.† *Natrix torquata*.

* British reptiles.

Every morning, at breakfast, it came to his hand for its allowance of milk; but it fled from strangers, and hissed if they meddled with it.

By the way, Major Denham, in his *African Travels*, mentions an instance of the supposed virtues of the fat of serpents, when applied to beasts. Near Lari, he and his party killed an enormous snake, which he calls a species of coluber—a python, probably—measuring eighteen feet from the mouth to the tail. Five balls entered the serpent, but it was still moving off, when two Arabs, each armed with a sword, nearly severed the head from the body. On opening the reptile, several pounds of fat were found, and carefully taken off by the two native guides. They pronounced it to be a sovereign and much-prized remedy for diseased cattle.

As I looked at the collection of venomous serpents, the least of which carried death under its lips, the out-of-the-way remedies which the savage and the half-civilized man successfully uses, came into my mind. Their cures, if we may believe honest witnesses, are far more frequent than those effected by European science.

Labat, when in the West Indies, was called to confess a young negro, who had been bitten by a serpent seven feet long, and as big as a man's leg, three fingers' breadth above the ankle. The serpent had been killed, under the idea that when it was dead the poison, by some sympathetic law, would act with less force. The patient was lying on a plank in the middle of his hut, between two fires, covered with blankets, and yet he said he was dying with cold, at the same time constantly crying for drink to assuage a devouring internal heat. He had also a prodigious desire to sleep. His leg was very strongly tied below and above his knee with a species of ozier, and both foot and leg were horribly swollen, and so was the knee, notwithstanding the ligatures. The worthy father confessed him, but was obliged to hold his hand, and keep moving it, to prevent him from sleeping during the ceremony. He afterwards recovered.

Captain Forbes, in his highly interesting book, *Dahomey and the Dahomans*, relates that the natives have an infallible remedy for the bite of the deadly cobra. One of the captain's hammock-men had been bitten three times, but his father was a doctor. Walking one day through some long grass, the captain pointed to the bare legs of his attendant, and hinted at his danger. "None," said he; "my father picks some grass, and if on the same day the decoction is applied, the wound heals at once."

This did not seem strange to the captain, who had seen the fights between the cobra and the mongoose, in India. He says that the cobra has always the advantage at first, and the mongoose, apparently vanquished, retreats as far from his enemy as possible, but, on devouring some wild herb, revives, returns to the attack, and conquers. In short, he corroborates the accounts given by former travellers and observers, of these duels between the quadruped and the reptile.

The same author records that, in the kingdom of Dahomey, the killing by accident, or otherwise, of a fetish snake, was formerly punished by death; but that the penalty is now mitigated to running the gauntlet through the fetish priests, who belabor the criminal without mercy; nor is he free till he reaches water, to wash out his sin. The captain states that the lions of Whydah are the snake fetish house and the market. The former is a temple built round a huge cotton-tree, in which are, at all times, many snakes of the *boa* species (python). These are allowed to roam about at pleasure; but, if found in a house, or at a distance, a fetish man or woman is sought, whose duty it is to induce the reptile to return, and to reconduct it to its sacred abode, while all that meet it must bow down and kiss the dust. Morning and evening, many are to be seen prostrated before the door, whether worshipping the snakes directly, or an invisible god, which is known under the name of "Seh," through these representatives, the gallant captain confesses that he is not learned enough to determine.

The fascination of serpents has been stoutly maintained by some, and as strongly denied by others. Acrell notices this phenomenon as being confirmed by the evidence of several of his countrymen, who had been a long while resident at Philadelphia. They related that the American rattlesnake, which they described as the most indolent of serpents, unquestionably possessed this power. They declared that, as the snake lies under the shade of a tree, opening his jaws a little, he fixes his brightly glittering eyes upon any bird, or squirrel, which is in it. The squirrel, so runs their account, utters a mournful and feeble cry, and, as if foreseeing his fate, leaps from bough to bough on every side, seemingly to attempt a sudden escape; but, struck with the fascination, he comes down the tree, and flings himself with a spring into the very jaws of his enemy. The observations of some Englishmen, continues Acrell, seem to confirm the truth of this. They shut up a mouse with one of these fascinating rattlesnakes in an iron box; the mouse sat in one corner—the rattlesnake was opposite to it. The reptile fixed its eye, terrible as Vathek's, upon the little trembler, which was, at last, forced to throw itself into the mouth of the serpent. Acrell adds, that the same experiment was repeated in Italy with a pregnant female viper with the same success.*

A piece of evidence, apparently unintentional, occurs in Captain Forbes' book, already noticed.

On passing from the viceroy's house at Ahomey, (the grass very high,) he observed, within an inch of his leg, a small lizard, with its eyes fixed. *It did not move on his approach.* At the same moment, a cobra darted at it, and, before he could raise his stick, bore it away—"rather a narrow escape from death," as the captain quietly observes. The captain makes no comment on this

* Am. Acad.

part of the adventure here printed in italics; nor does it seem to have occurred to him that he had under his eyes a proof of this deadly mesmerism.

Catesby thus tells the tale as 't was told to him:—

The charming, as it is commonly called, or attractive power, which this snake (the rattlesnake) is said to have of drawing to it animals, and devouring them, is generally believed in America; as for my own part, I never saw the action; but a great many from whom I have had it related, all agree in the manner of the process; which is, that the animals, particularly birds and squirrels, (which principally are their prey,) no sooner spy the snake than they skip from spray to spray, hovering and approaching gradually nearer their enemy, regardless of any other danger; but with distracted gestures and outcries, descend, though from the top of the loftiest trees, to the mouth of the snake, who openeth his jaws, takes them in, and in an instant swallows them.

Animals of greater size, though they are not fascinated, are affected at the presence of these reptiles by the most violent feelings of abhorrence.

The largest I ever saw, says Catesby, was one about eight feet in length, weighing between eight and nine pounds. This monster was gliding into the house of Colonel Blake, of Carolina, and had certainly taken his abode there undiscovered, had not the domestic animals alarmed the family with their repeated outcries: the hogs, dogs, and poultry united in their hatred to him, showing the greatest consternation by erecting their bristles and feathers; and, expressing their wrath and indignation, surrounded him, but carefully kept their distance; while he, regardless of their threats, glided slowly along.

It is not an uncommon thing to have them come into houses; a very extraordinary instance of which happened to myself, in the same gentleman's house, in the month of February, 1723: the servant, in making the bed in a ground-room (but a few minutes after I left it,) on turning down the clothes, discovered a rattlesnake lying coiled beneath the sheets in the middle of the bed.*

Catesby's evidence relative to the power of fascination is merely hearsay, it may be said; we will therefore call Lawson, an eye-witness:—

They (rattlesnakes) have the power, or art (I know not which to call it) to charm squirrels, hares, partridges, or any such thing, in such a manner, that they run directly into their mouths. *This I have seen by a squirrel and one of those rattlesnakes;* and other snakes have, in some measure, the same power.†

I remember, many years ago, witnessing the effect produced by the sight of a serpent on the larger animals. I was enjoying my book—it was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*—on a delicious warm spring day, under one of the trees in the upper part of our pretty hanging orchard, then one sheet of blossom, when my attention was at-

tracted by the loud outcries of several turkeys far away towards the lower part, where the fruit-trees ended. On looking up, I saw them surrounding a tuft of grass more than usually luxuriant. They craned over at this tuft, which they surrounded, keeping at a respectful distance, however, with ruffled plumage and half-expanded tails, uttering the short, often repeated cry, *pit, pit, pit*, as turkeys do, when they are annoyed and frightened. As I advanced, their gestures and cries were redoubled; and, upon coming up, I saw a very large common ringed snake coiled up in the tuft. At my approach, it started off, followed by myself and the turkeys, they still crying and gesticulating, but saved itself in the hedge. I could not help asking myself whether the Transatlantic blood in their veins had not roused their latent instincts, and impressed their brains with the notion that they had come upon one of the smaller rattlesnakes.

By the way, there is no longer a shadow of doubt that the serpents operated upon by the serpent-charmers at the Zoological Garden last year, had been deprived of their poison-fangs by mechanical means.

Acrell, at the close of his statement relative to the alleged fascination of serpents, asks—"Do we not see, in the summer, a parallel instance at home, in the toad, a most indolent animal, into whose mouth, as it lies in the shade or under a shrub, butterflies and other insects fly?"

Certainly the insects do fly into the toad's mouth, but not, it may be suspected, without a little help; and this reminds me of the promise to give my readers some notion of the mechanism by which the tongue of that reptile acts with such marvellous rapidity and certainty in securing its prey.

Mr. Arscott, of Tehott, Devonshire—"t is an old tale, but none the worse for that—kept a pet toad, which, when he first knew it, was called by his father, "the old toad;" and Mr. Arscott, *filis*, answers for a knowledge of it for thirty-six years. How long would it have lived!

Ay, that is the question, which a mischievous devil of a tame raven—those ravens are certainly supremely diabolical—took care should *not* be answered; for he dabbed one of the poor toad's eyes out with his horny beak, after kenning it, as if to satisfy himself, like one of Homer's heroes, where he could plant his dab so as to do it most mischief, as it came out one fine evening from the hole which its kind master had caused to be made for it under the third step, when he "new-laid the steps;" and, at the same time, otherwise maltreated the poor sweltering pet, so that it was never the same toad again. The story is extant, and written in choice English, in the Appendix to Pennant's *British Zoology*, to which the reader is referred for the interesting details, which, while they show that the kind and observing narrator was ignorant of some things that modern science has made manifest, indicate the honest truth of his narrative.

* Carolina.

† History of Carolina, 1714.

Well, it had frequented the steps before the hall-door some years before he became acquainted with it. His father, who admired its size—which was of the largest the son ever met with—paid it a visit every evening. He himself constantly fed it, and brought it to be so tame, that it always came to the candle, and looked up as if expecting to be taken up and brought upon the table, where he always fed it with insects of all sorts. It was fondest of flesh magots, which he kept in bran. It would follow them, and, when within a proper distance, would fix its eye, and remain motionless for near a quarter of a minute, as if preparing for the stroke, “which was an instantaneous throwing its tongue at a great distance upon the insect, which stuck to the tip by a glutinous matter;” and he adds, most truly, “the motion is quicker than the eye can follow.”

And here is the solution of the so-called fascination in which Linnæus himself believed; for in the *Systema Nature* (1766) the reader will find, under *Rana Bufo*, the following assertion: *Insecta in fauces fascino revocat.*

I always imagined—(says that acute observer, the younger Mr. Arscott)—that the root of its tongue was placed in the forepart of its under jaw, and the tip towards its throat, by which the motion must be a half-circle; by which, when its tongue recovered its situation, the insect at the tip would be brought to the place of deglutition. I was confirmed in this by never observing any internal motion in the mouth, excepting one swallow the instant its tongue returned. Possibly I might be mistaken, for I never dissected one, but contented myself with opening its mouth and slightly inspecting it.

No, my good Mr. Arscott, you were not mistaken; and you have described the process beautifully; but *how* is the action performed?

The anomalous structure and position of the tongue in most of the anurous or tailless batrachians*—that is, tailless in their last and most perfect state—are very striking. Soft and fleshy almost throughout, that organ is, in the toad, unsupported at its base by any internal bone. The *os hyoides* is altogether absent, and the tongue is attached anteriorly in the concavity formed by the two branches of the lower jaw towards the symphysis, so that its root, instead of being at the back of the fauces, is in the interior edge of the fore part of the lower jaw, and its free extremity is in the back part of the mouth, and before the aperture of the air-passages, when it is at rest. When in action, it becomes considerably elongated, and is projected sharply out of the mouth, as if it turned on a pivot in the anterior edge of the jaw; so that, when thrown out, the surface which was under, when in repose in the mouth, comes uppermost; and, when returned into the mouth, the surface which an instant previously was uppermost, resumes its original position, and is lowermost. A viscous secretion, which is very

tenacious, completes this engine of destruction; and, when employed in the capture of prey, it reaches to a considerable distance, and returns with the insect into the mouth, where the morsel is generally compressed, involved in a further glutinous sort of saliva, and submitted to the action of deglutition. The muscular machinery by which this action, so important to the animal, is effected, is a beautiful example of adaptation; for the muscles which regulate the motion of the bones and cartilages of the mouth act more especially upon the lower jaw, the bone of the mandible and the tongue, which is by their power shot forth and returned with the prey with such celerity, that, as has been before observed, he must have a very acute and prompt vision who can detect the action. Most observers will see that when an insect comes within tongue-shot of a toad when upon its feed, it disappears; but few will detect the action of the tongue itself, if the reptile be healthy and lively.

Mr. Arscott's old toad had none of that antipathy to spiders which old legends would have us believe existed between those reptiles and insects; he used to eat five or six with his millipedes, which Mr. Arscott took to be his favorite food, and which were provided for the pet, till his master found out that flesh magots, by their continual motion, formed the most tempting bait. When offered blowing flies and humble-bees, it would take them—and, in short, any insect that moved; and Mr. Arscott imagined that if a honey bee had been put before it, it would have eaten it, to its cost. Bees, however, are seldom stirring at the same time as toads, which do not often venture forth after sunrise or before sunset, though they will occasionally come to the mouth of their hole in the heat of the day, probably for air. But Mr. Arscott once observed another large toad, which he had in the bank of a bowling-green, at noon, on a very hot day, “very busy and active upon the grass; so uncommon an appearance,” says he, “made me go out to see what it was, when I found an innumerable swarm of winged ants had dropped round his hole, which temptation was as irresistible as a turtle would be to a luxurious alderman.”

The pet-toad that lived under the steps did not long survive the rough usage of that malicious fiend, the raven. It never enjoyed itself, to use Mr. Arscott's expression, after the attack, and had a difficulty in taking its food, missing its mark for want of the eye of which the raven had deprived it; and so it languished, and languishing, did live for a twelvemonth, when its life and sufferings ceased together.

I have satisfied myself that there is hardly any insect of proportionate size that a toad will not take when in motion; and if an artificial fly were moved before it, within tongue shot, it would doubtless take it. Most of us have heard of the *mauvaise plaisanterie* of throwing small pieces of glowing charcoal to the poor bull-frog, which swallowed them to its destruction, taking the

* In *Dactylethra* the tongue is attached at the back of the mouth; and *Pipa* has none.

burning coals for fire-flies; thus dying, involuntarily, the death of Cato's daughter.

"They that write of toads," quoth Master Philemon Holland, in his translation of Pliny, "strive *a-vie*, who shall write most wonders of them; for some say, that if one of them be brought into a place of concourse, where people are in great number assembled, they shall be all hush, and not a word among them."

If this were but true, what a blessing an importation of them would be into a certain great house, where words *now* are much more plentiful than acts.

No kitchen where the cooks are too apt to boil at a gallop, instead of regulating the pot at that gentle rate which alone can insure the tenderness of the joint, should be without the following bit of the toad's skeleton:—

"They affirm, also, that there is one little bone in their right side, which, if it be thrown into a pan of seething water, the vessel will cool presently, and boil no more until it be taken forth again. Now, this bone (say they) is found by this means: If a man take one of these venomous frogs or toads, and cast it into a nest of ants, for to be eaten and devoured by them, and look when they have gnawed away the flesh to the very bones, each bone, one after another, is to be put into a kettle seething upon the fire, and so it will soon be known which is the bone, by the effect aforesaid. There is another such like bone (by their saying) in the left side; cast it into the water that hath done seething, it will come to boil and wallow again. This bone (forsooth) is called Apocynon; and why so? Because *y-u-is*, there is not a thing more powerful to appease and repress the violence and furie of curst dogs than it."

While some have proclaimed the toad as the most poisonous of animals, others have denied it any noxious qualities whatever.

According to Ælian, death not only lurked in its breath, but its very aspect killed, so that the basilisk had in it a potent rival. "The precious jewel in its head" was considered to be the redeeming quality in the "ugly and venomous" creature. This jewel was not its brilliant and beautiful eye, which the earthy croaker was said to have exchanged with the heavenly lark,* but a stone well known to the collectors of the last century as the bufonite, toad-stone, crapaudine, and krottenstein, supposed to be largely endowed with medical and magical powers, and familiar to the philosophers of the present, as one of the fossil palatal teeth of a fish (*pycnodus*).

The whole animal was a repertorium for poisoners before the modern Canidias had hit upon

the powder of succession. The Roman ladies who did *not* love their lords, hastened their departure for the city of the dead by a bufonite potion,* or an infusion of rubetan juice in a cup of rich Celanian;† and, as poisoning and witchcraft generally went hand in hand,‡ there is no cause for surprise that toads were choice contributions for the charmed pot of secret, black, and midnight hags. "Paddocke§ calls" the witches in *Macbeth*; and the reptile was the first ingredient in the caldron that raised the blood-bolter'd Banquo, and seared the eye-balls of the murderous thane with the regal "show" of the disquieted spirit's line.

The eleventh hag in Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, exultingly sings—

I went to the toad, breeds under the wall;
I charmed him out, and he came at my call.

And Gesner ascribes a power to it which was believed to conduce to the quiet of mankind at the expense of their vigor.

But those who assert the bad eminence of the toad for "swelter'd venom," and those who deny it all noxious qualities—Pennant was inclined to the latter opinion, and Cuvier believed it to be innocuous—are both wrong. The exudation from the pimples, or follicles, on the true skin of the toad, especially about the head and shoulders, was proved by Dr. Davy to be a very acrid secretion, resembling the extract of aconite when applied to the tongue, and even acting upon the hands. Pressure causes this fluid to be emitted, occasionally to some distance, and the defence stands the toad often in good stead, especially when attacked by dogs, which have been frequently seen to drop the troublesome customer from their mouths, with a shake of the head even more eloquent than Lord Burleigh's. And yet this secretion, more acrid than the poison of serpents, produces no effect when introduced into the circulation. A chicken was inoculated with it, and no alteration was perceptible in its actions or health.

Those who are interested in the marvellous stories of "antediluvian toads" will be well rewarded by consulting Dr. Buckland's paper on the subject in the fifth volume of the *Zoological Journal*. He made several experiments by shutting them up in cells, fashioned in a large block of oolitic limestone, and in another of compact siliceous sandstone, and buried the blocks with the imprisoned toads three feet deep in his garden. He placed others each in a small basin of plaster of Paris, four inches deep and five inches in diameter, and well luted them over with a covering of the same material. These were buried with those immured in the blocks of stone. He inclosed some in three holes cut for the purpose in the trunk of an apple-tree. Two were placed

* The love-sick Juliet exclaims:—

"It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so: for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changed voices too."

* JUVENAL, *Sat.* vi. 558.

† *Ibid.*, *Sat.* i. 69.

‡ —An *malas*

Canidia tractavit dapes?—HOR. *Ep.* iii. 8.

§ Padda and Tassa are the names assigned to the toad in the *Fauna Suecica*.

in one hole: the others were imprisoned singly, and the holes were tightly plugged up. The result of these experiments was, a conclusion that toads cannot live a year excluded totally from atmospheric air, and that they cannot survive two years, if entirely prevented from obtaining food.

But let us, before we depart, look into the reptile-house on a warm summer night. We enter with a dark lanthorn. The light is no sooner unveiled, than it seems to have a Promethean effect on the statue-like forms that were so still in the morning. Now the scene is changed; now all is action, terrible action; and we behold the monstrous constricting serpents, and the horrible poisonous snakes, and the uncouth lizards, writhing, coiling, creeping, running, and pushing against the transparent walls of their crystal prison, till the nervous anxiety of some temperaments may be pardoned for huddling up to the keeper, and inquiring, with bated breath, whether the glass is python and boa-constrictor proof?

March 27.—The rain it raineth every day. The peck of dust, worth a king's ransom, will hardly be forthcoming, and the farmer begins to be uneasy about his oats. The garden in the Regent's Park is a swamp. Both the great and smaller tortoise in the ostrich-house are dead, as I feared. A small one that buries itself two or three feet deep in the earth, exposed to all the skyey influences, does well. Hippo is flourishing, and now has clover-chaff tea, with the boiled chaff as a change of diet. He drinks the tea, and then eats the sop. His tank in the open air is advancing rapidly towards completion. The beautiful crested pigeons,* with their hybrid young one, are in fine condition. On the 8th September, in the last year, I found Goura Victorie on her nest, with her young one able to fly. On that day it was five weeks old. The male bird, Goura coronata, better known as "the great Amboyna pigeon," which belongs to her majesty, was strutting about on the ground. His productive alliance with the species which bears our gracious queen's name, is worthy of notice, particularly when the difference of climate is taken into the account. The egg—there was only one—from which the hybrid sprung, was sat on twenty-eight days before the young bird was hatched, by both parents; but the male was most assiduous and the best nurse.

An egg was laid and hatched in 1849, but the young one died a day or two after its exclusion. The birds showing a disposition to sit in 1850, the cover of a basket was placed upon the angle of a stout, forked pole, in the great aviary; and a few birch twigs furnished to them. Out of these rough materials they made a nest. They sat side by side. The male always sat with his head fronting the spectator, or nearly so, as if he was keeping watch, and the female with hers exactly in the opposite direction, so that the head of the cock was parallel to the tail of the hen. The

young one was fed from the crops and mouths of both parents.

And here we cannot but feel with John Hunter, who discovered the curious organization in the dove kind, which enables the parents to support their young with the curd-like contents of their crops—from their own bodies, in short, as the mammalia do in the early stages of the existence of their offspring—that the nourishment of animals admits, perhaps, of as much variety in the mode by which it is to be performed, as any circumstance connected with their economy, whether we consider their numerous tribes, the different stages through which every animal passes, or the food adapted to each in their distinct conditions and situations. The food fitted for one stage of life is rejected at another.

Animal life (as Hunter observes) may be divided into three states, or stages: the first comprehending the production of the animal and its growth in the fetal state; the second commencing when it emerges from that state by what is called the birth, but leaving it for a time, either mediately or immediately dependent on the parent for support; the third when the animal is able to act for itself. As a general proposition, it may be laid down that the first and third stages are common to all animals; but some classes—fishes and spiders, for instance—pass directly from the first to the third, having no intermediate stage.

The great physiologist then notices the infinite variety in which Nature provides for the support of the young in the second stage of animal life, and that brings him to the statement of his discovery. He tells us, and tells us truly, that the young pigeon, like the young quadruped, till it is capable of digesting the common food of its kind, is fed with a substance secreted for that purpose by the parent; not, as in the *mammalia*, by the female alone, but by the male also, and perhaps more abundantly than by the female.

Every person who has kept parrots, maccaws, and birds generally of that family, must have noticed the power possessed by them of throwing up the contents of the crop, and feeding each other. Hunter, in common with others, saw a cock paroquet regularly feed his hen, by first filling his own crop, and supplying her thence from his beak; and he notices what every observer who has kept such birds must have remarked—namely, that when they are very fond of the person who feeds and attends upon them, they perform the action of throwing up food, and often do it. The cock pigeon, when he caresses the hen, goes through the same forms of action as when he feeds his young; but Hunter adds, that he does not know if at this time he throws up anything from the crop. I have observed a similar action, during the breeding season in rooks; and I have reason to believe that the cocks feed the hens while they are sitting, as well as the young, with food saved in a kind of gular pouch under the lower mandible, but I do not know whether they feed either the hens or the young with food which

* Goura coronata and Goura Victorie.

has undergone any alteration in the crop, or whether the hens feed their young or their mates with such provender. Hunter, from the observations made by him on the parrot-kind, states that he has reason to suppose that they are endowed with the same power as the pigeons.

As the breasts or udders of mammiferous females become gradually enlarged and thickened at the time of uterine gestation, so, during incubation, are the coats of the pigeon's crop; and John Hunter, on comparing the state of that organ when the bird was not sitting, with its appearance during incubation, found the difference very remarkable. In the first case, it was thin and membranous; but by the time when the young were about to be hatched, the whole, except the portion which lay under the trachea, became thicker, and assumed a glandular appearance, having its internal surface very irregular. It was likewise evidently more vascular than in its former state, in order to the conveyance of a quantity of blood sufficient for the nourishing substance.

"Whatever may be the consistence of this substance when just secreted, it most probably very soon coagulates into a granulated white curd, for in such form," says Hunter, in continuation, "I have always found it in the crop; and if an old pigeon is killed just as the young ones are hatching, the crop will be found as above described, and in its cavity pieces of white curd, mixed with some of the common food of the pigeon, such as barley, beans, &c. If we allow either of the parents to feed the brood, the crop of the young pigeons when examined will be discovered to contain the same kind of curdled substance as that of the old ones, which passes from thence into the stomach, where it is to be digested."

The joke about "pigeon's milk" is not so groundless, after all. But see how beautifully this dispensation is ordered, according to the exigencies of the nestling:—

The young pigeon is fed for a little time with this substance only, as about the third day some of the common food is found mingled with it; as the pigeon grows older, the proportion of common food is increased; so that by the time it is seven, eight, or nine days old, the secretion of the curd ceases in the old ones, and of course no more will be found in the crop of the young. It is a curious fact, that the parent pigeon has at first a power to throw up his curd without any mixture of common food, although, afterwards, both are thrown up, according to the proportion required for the young ones.

I have called this substance curd, not as being literally so, but as resembling that more than anything I know; it may, however, have a greater resemblance to curd than we are perhaps aware of, for neither this secretion, nor curd from which the whey has been pressed, seems to contain any sugar, and do not run into the acetous fermentation. The property of coagulating is confined to the substance itself, as it produces no such effect when mixed with milk. This secretion in the pigeon, like all other animal substances, becomes putrid by standing, though not so readily as either blood or meat,

it resisting putrefaction for a considerable time; neither will curd much pressed become putrid so soon as either blood or meat.*

Those who would wish to examine this phenomenon more closely will find preparations of the pigeon's crop in that noble museum,† which is John Hunter's best monument. No young birds are in so forlorn a state as young pigeons, if the parents are killed before the young can provide for themselves. Birds of other species, stimulated by the cries of the starving young which have been deprived of parental aid, can and do assist the little wretches, but none except an old pigeon with its crop in a proper state can save the life of a nestling dove.

The gouras, by whose alliance a third columban form of the same race has been ushered into this breathing world of ours, in their natural state, are probably employed, like others of the dove kind, in disseminating the fragrant nutmegs through New Guinea, the Moluccas, and other islands. For Sonnerat declares, and with truth, that the pigeons which swallow the nuts whole are nourished by the enveloping case, which is alone digested, leaving the nut itself uninjured, or rather more readily prepared for germinating on the soil whereon it is dropped.

The Zoological Society possesses a very fine collection of *Columbide*, and a most interesting tribe they are. Messengers of love, of peace, and of war, they are allied very nearly, as we have seen above, to the *mammalia* in one part of their organization, and resemble them in some of their habits; for pigeons do not drink like most birds by taking up a small quantity of water at a time, and throwing the head upward and backward, but, like horses or kine, suck up a long continuous draught without raising the head, till thirst is satisfied.

Columba: whence the name? Varro declares from its cooing. Did the same impression of its notes on the ancient British ear call forth a similar appellation, and induce our ancestors to name the birds colommen, kylobman, kulm, kolm, and culver!

The perseverance with which some of the varieties, the carriers especially, when well trained, will return from very long distances, is wonderful:—

It blew and it rained,
The pigeon disdained
To seek shelter—undaunted he flew;
Till wet was his wing,
And painful the string,
So heavy the letter it grew.

This same faculty, which in comparatively modern times was degraded to giving notice to the

* *Animal Economy*, edited by Professor Owen. Longman and Co.

† The museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, rendered doubly valuable by the learned and elaborate Catalogue by Professor Owen, in 5 vols. 4to. The preparations are numbered 3737 to 3741, both inclusive.

authorities that the finisher of the law had done his duty on the Tyburn hanging days—Hogarth's graphic record of the custom will occur to most,*—which afterwards sank to being the bearer of the news of the prize ring, and now-a-days conveys the price of stocks to and from the continent, or brings the first intelligence of the winner of the Derby, kept Hirtius and Brutus constantly informed of each other's designs and movements, as the besieger, Antony, felt to his cost. In vain did he spread his nets and try every stratagem to baffle these couriers of the air: he had the mortification of seeing them going and returning to and fro over the beleaguered walls of Mutina. Anacreon's dove was employed on a more gentle mission.† And Taurosthenes sent one decked with purple to his happy father in the Island of Ægina with the news of his victory at the Olympic games on the day of the pigeon's arrival.‡ We have the authority of Sir John Maundeville—he who made his way to the border of China in the reigns of our second and third Edward—that the Asiatics used them for the same purpose as the Romans.

In that contree, and other contrees bezonde, (says that knight, warrior, and pilgrim,) thei han a custom whan thei schulle usen werre, and whan men holden sege abouten cytee or castelle, and thei withinnen dur not senden out messangers with lettere, fro lord to lord, for to aske sokour, thei maken here letters and bynden them to the nekke of a colver, and letten the colver flee; and the colvern been so taughte, that they flee with the letters to the very place that men wolde sende them to. For the colveres been noryscht in tho places where thei ben sent to; and thei senden hem thus far to beren here letters. And the colveres retournen azen where as thei ben norisscht, and so they don comunly.

During the crusade of St. Louis§ they were so employed; Tasso pressed them into the service in the siege of Jerusalem:¶ and Ariosto makes a dove the messenger that spread the news of Orrilo's death through Egypt.¶

The rapidity and power of flight of some of the species is almost incredible. The passenger pigeon** has been killed in the neighborhood of New York with its crop full of rice, which the bird could not have procured nearer than the fields of Georgia and Carolina. Audubon, who relates this startling, but, I believe, true fact, observes that, as their power of digestion is so great that they will decompose food entirely in twelve hours, the birds which were taken in the neighborhood of New York must have travelled between three and four hundred miles in six hours, an average of speed that reminds one of the famous horse Childers. He, however, could not have sustained his "flying" pace of a mile a minute for more than a very short period, whereas the bird is capable of keeping up its wonderful rate of

progression during many successive hours. The passenger pigeon would thus, as Audubon observes, be enabled, were it so inclined, to visit Europe in less than three days. Instances are not wanting of its presence here; but the American naturalist, who presented a number of these birds to the Earl of Derby in 1830, with whom they bred, seems to think that those which have been seen at liberty in this country had escaped from some aviary.

Wagers have been laid and matches have been made to determine the rate of a carrier pigeon's flight. In 1808 a young man in the Borough undertook that his pigeons would fly thirty-five miles in one hour. Three were thrown up at five o'clock in the evening beyond Tunbridge Wells, and arrived at their owner's residence in fifty-three minutes, thus beating time by seven minutes. A gentleman had a wager on this event, and he sent a pigeon by the stage-coach to Bury St. Edmund's, with a request that the bird, two days after its arrival there, might be thrown up as the clock struck nine in the morning. This was done; and at half-past eleven o'clock on that morning the pigeon was shown at the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate, into the loft of which respectable establishment it had entered, having made its way to that point in London in two hours and a half, and having traversed seventy-two aerial miles.

When the trial of the annual prize for the best carrier pigeon was decided at Ghent on the 24th June, 1833, twenty-four birds which had been conveyed from that town were thrown up at Rouen at fifty-five minutes after nine o'clock in the morning. The distance is 150 miles, be the same, in lawyer's phrase, more or less, and the first pigeon arrived at Ghent in an hour and a half, sixteen came in within two hours and a half, and three in the course of the day. Four were lost.

He who would train a carrier pigeon must take a young one that is fully fledged, and convey it in a basket or bag, at first not more than half a mile from home, and then turn it loose. After a repetition of this short journey twice or thrice, the future messenger should be taken to a distance of two, four, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen miles, and so on, and then turned loose, till it will return from the most remote parts of the kingdom. The younger the bird is, if it have strength to fly well, the greater is the chance of educating it for a trusty bearer of a despatch. If this drilling is not commenced early, birds of the best breed cannot be trusted. Those who would succeed are careful to keep the pigeon about to be sent off in the dark without food for some seven or eight hours before it is loosed. When thrown up, the bird rises, and when it has reached a good height, will at first fly round and round, and then make off, continuing on the wing without stop or stay, unless prevented, till its well-known home is reached. A word to the wise by the way. Never throw up your bird in a fog or hazy weather, or 't is ten to one against its reaching its destination, or your

* Etty's dove ascending at the moment of Joan's agony, and heralding the conclusion of the ardent logic of the stake, will also be remembered.

† Ode 9. ‡ Ælian. § Joinville. ¶ Book xviii.

¶ Canto xv. ** *Ectopistes migratoria*. Swainson.

seeing it again. Those who have been in the habit of travelling by the short stages or omnibuses in the neighborhood of London—to Hampton and Sunbury, for instance—must have observed one of these aerial messengers suddenly delivered from its darksome bag and thrown up by one of the “outsides” to find its way home.

The spiral flight, when the birds are thrown up, is evidently flight of observation, and when they catch sight of any well-known landmark, away they go homeward. But they are lost if no such objects are within ken. Thus pigeons, when loosed from a balloon at a great height, after flying round and round, have returned to the balloon for want of objects to guide them in their flight homeward. And yet there is on record a wonderful instance of their return to their domicile under circumstances of great difficulty, to say the least of it, as far as guide-marks are concerned.

The battle of Solebay was fought on the 28th of May, 1672. Captain Carleton was a volunteer on board the *London* man-of-war in that engagement, and he relates that on the first firing of the *London's* guns, a number of pigeons kept in the ship, and of which the commander was very fond, flew away. Nowhere were they seen near during the fight. It blew a brisk gale next day, and the British fleet was driven some leagues to the southward of the place where the birds forsook the ship. The day after, back came the pigeons—not in one flock, but in small parties of four or five at a time, till all the birds were safe on board.

This unexpected return caused some conversation on board; when Sir Edward Sprage told those who expressed their surprise that he brought those pigeons with him from the Straights, and that when he left the *Revenge* for the *London*, all those birds, of their own accord, and without the trouble or care of carrying, left the *Revenge*, and removed with the seamen to the *London*.*

Our tame varieties are generally considered, and with good reason, to be derived from the Blue Rock pigeon, or Rockier.† Pennant describes this species as swarming in the Orkneys and Hebrides, and says that in the Orkneys they collect by thousands towards winter, and do great damage to rick-yards. He saw in Ilay, the bottoms of the great chasms covered with their dung for many feet in thickness, which was drawn up in buckets, and used successfully as manure. But great as is the facility with which they are domesticated, they occasionally show symptoms of their original wildness. Pennant knew a dove-cot, not far from Orm's-head, where the pigeons resided, on account of the supply of food, till the breeding season, when liberty and love led them from the artificial pigeon-holes to those wild and vast rocks.

This species abounds in the rocky islands of the Mediterranean, and was no stranger to Vir-

gil, as the beautiful lines in the fifth *Æneid** show.

Even in this vast brick Babylon, some pigeons breed about Somerset House, both on the river and land side. They are probably birds which have been domesticated, and have escaped, preferring a comparatively wild life, with the supplies afforded by the wharves and barges.

The proneness to domestication in this bird, or rather in one of the varieties from it, was strongly contrasted with the impracticability of reconciling the ring-dove, cushat, or wood-pigeon, (*Columba palumbus*), to captivity, in Colonel Montagu's experiment. It is true that he tamed them within doors, “so as to be exceedingly troublesome;” but he never could produce a breed, either by themselves or with the tame pigeon. Two were bred up by him, together with a male pigeon, and were so tame as to eat out of the hand; but the genial spring brought no signs of breeding, so they were suffered to take their liberty in the month of June, by opening the window of the room in which they were confined, the colonel thinking that the pigeon might induce them to return to their usual place of abode, either for food or to roost; but no; they instantly took to their natural habits, and the colonel saw them no more. The pigeon continued to return.

The gouras, it will be remarked, contrary to the general habit of the Columbidae, laid only one egg, and the passenger pigeon, according to Wilson, lays no more. In 1832, a pair of passengers began a nest on the 25th of April, in a fir-tree planted in one of the enclosures in the garden in the Regent's Park. The hen was the architect, but the cock was the laborer. Most perseveringly did he collect and convey to the selected spot, sticks, straws, and other nest materials. Every time he came in with his building materials, he alighted on the back of the hen, so as not to disturb any part of the structure which she had finished. On the morning of the 26th, one egg was laid, and the hen immediately began to sit. The cock took his turn at incubation, and when sixteen days had passed, the young bird appeared.

But if only one egg is laid by the passenger pigeon, the numbers of the species exceed belief, and they afford a most plentiful supply to our Transatlantic cousins. Their roosting-places in those deep and extensive forests exhibit an extraordinary spectacle. The dung-covered ground is strewn with the limbs of the trees broken down by their weight; the grass and underwood are destroyed, and not unfrequently thousands of acres of trees are killed. Upon the discovery of one of these roosts, the whole country comes in to wage war upon the birds during the night, with all sorts of destructive engines; guns, clubs, long poles, and sulphur-pots, are plied in all directions, till the invaders have filled their sacks and loaded their horses to their hearts' content.

But the breeding-places are even more extensive than the roosts. These, in the states of Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, are generally in the back-

* Carleton's *Memoirs*; and see Yarrell's highly interesting *British Birds*.

† *Columba livia*.

* L. 213, &c.

woods, and often extend far across the country. Wilson saw one not far from Shelbyville, in Kentucky, which stretched nearly north and south through the woods, extending upwards of forty miles, with a breadth of several miles. In this tract almost every tree bore nests, wherever there was nest-room in the branches. The pigeons made their first appearance about the 10th of April, and those which escaped left the place with their young before the 25th of May. As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they all left the nests, large parties of the inhabitants came from all the parts adjacent, with wagons, axes, beds, and working utensils, and, with their families, encamped at this immense nursery. Some of them told Wilson that the noise was so great that their horses were terrified, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak, without bawling in his ear. The scene must have been exciting and disgusting. The ground was strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young squab pigeons, on which herds of hogs were fattening. In the air, great numbers of hawks, buzzards, and eagles were sailing, bearing away the squabs from their nests at pleasure, while from twenty feet upwards to the tree-tops was one perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder. This din was heightened by the crash of falling timber as the strokes of the axemen brought down the trees most crowded with nests, which they contrived to fell so as to bring down several other trees in the fall. Two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to the old ones, and one heap of fat, were sometimes collected from one fallen tree. Each nest contained one squab only.

Wilson passed for several miles through this same breeding-place, after the pigeons abandoned it for another sixty or eighty miles off, and saw enough of the remains of the nests to satisfy him that the account which he had heard was not exaggerated. The great numbers that passed over his head confirmed him in this opinion. Notwithstanding the havoc that had been made among the birds, they still swarmed. The mast had been for the most part consumed in Kentucky; and every morning, a little before sunrise, masses of these pigeons set out for the Indiana territory, about sixty miles distant. Many of them returned before ten o'clock, but the main body generally appeared on their return a little after noon.

Wilson had left the public road to visit the ruins of the breeding-place near Shelbyville, and was traversing the woods with his gun on the way to Frankfort, when, about ten o'clock, the pigeons which he had observed during the greater part of the morning flying northerly, began to return in such immense numbers as he had never before seen. He stopped at an opening by the side of Benson Creek, where he had a more uninterrupted view, and there to his astonishment he beheld them flying with great steadiness and rapidity at a height above gun-shot, in several strata

deep, and close together. On they came, and from right to left as far as the eye could reach, the breadth of this vast winged procession, everywhere equally crowded, extended. He took out his watch to note the time, and sat down to observe the passing masses. It was half-past one, and for more than an hour did Wilson sit, expecting that this aerial animated stream would cease to flow; but instead of a diminution, the vast procession seemed to increase in numbers and rapidity. As he was anxious to reach Frankfort before night, he rose and went on. At that town he crossed Kentucky river, about four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the living torrent above his head seemed as strong and as extensive as ever. Long after this, large bodies continued to pass for six or eight minutes. These were followed by other detached flights, all moving in the same south-east direction, till after six o'clock in the evening.

A rough calculation of this mass was made by the delightful American ornithologist, and he came to the conclusion that its whole length was 240 miles, and that the numbers composing it amounted to 2,230,272,000 pigeons at least; indeed, he expresses his conviction that these enormous numbers are probably far below the actual amount.

Think of the consumption of such legions. Wilson did think of it, and observes, that allowing each pigeon to consume half a pint of food per diem, the whole quantity would equal 17,424,000 bushels daily.

Audubon, who has, to the great regret of his friends, lately gone, full of years and honors, by that dark road which must be passed by us all, confirms Wilson in every particular, except that Audubon declares that the passenger pigeon lays two eggs. We have seen that, in confinement, this bird, like the gouras, laid but one.

Lawson, in his *Natural History of Carolina*, (1714,) records facts which confirm Wilson and Audubon as to the numbers of these pigeons, declaring that the flocks, as they passed, in great measure obstructed the light of day.

The great fertility of the dove-kind suffices to keep up numbers more than adequate to resist the attacks of hawks and other birds of prey, and the still more sweeping destruction of man the omnivorous. Biberg* remarks, that if you suppose two pigeons to hatch nine times a year, they may produce in four years 14,672 young; and Stillingfleet states that these numbers ought to have been 14,670, or the expression should have been altered, for Biberg includes the first pair.

On the day that I observed the young hybrid goura, I watched the wart-hogs (*Phacochoerus*.) Their mode of attack is by going on their knees like the gnu; and, young as they were, they already had callosities on those parts. They were exercising their tusks in a sham-fight with an empty bag, which, dropping on their knees, they charged, tossed up, and, rising, caught it on their tusks. In the course of their gambols, they threw

* Am. Acad.

the bag on the top of the railing of their inclosure. One of them raised itself on its hind legs, jumped at it, and pulled it down with its mouth, when they resumed their game with it. The attack of the full-grown animal, with its enormous sabre-like tusks, must be most formidable.

Shortly afterwards, I came on a flock of ten hoopoes, and stood admiring their butterfly-like flight, which must aid them in their escape from hawks, as the desultory motions of the butterflies when on the wing save them from fly-catchers and other small birds.

The three young grisly (!) bears were in high force, one appealing to the people most energetically for supplies, another dancing merrily, and the third lagging behind with a sort of minuet step. This lag had, no doubt, his reasons for remaining in the back-ground, for I observed that when the spectators threw food to the party, it frequently passed over the two foremost, and was quietly appropriated by the retiring character. The attitude of the orator was a study for St. Stephen's. They are evidently favorites, and all three came in for their share; but the Cleon of the party secured the greatest portion of the eleemosynary biscuit.

5th April, 1851.—New lion arrived from South Africa, and good friends with Cocksedge already. The Sumatran Tapir looking in good health. The carunculated crane and lovely Mandarin ducks in high feather. Works everywhere in progress to add to attraction in this *annus mirabilis*. Hippo was having a game of romps with a young Egyptian gentleman lately come over, but kept in the water, and now and then made a very queer face at his playmate. The tank in the open air near the giraffe-house is finished, and seats are preparing for the spectators, so that a multitude of all nations may, during this exhibiting summer, see Hippo in his bath at their ease. A building is rising for Mr. Gould's magnificent collection of humming-birds, the finest and most numerous ever brought together. The work in which they will be given to the public will surpass those of this enterprising and liberal zoologist already before the world, brilliant as they are. Though the true Egyptian crocodile died on the voyage, there is no reason to doubt that another may be soon forthcoming. Poor Mr. Duncan has done his best to interest the King of Dahomey to obtain a live African elephant, as our readers may remember, but Captain Forbes, who seems actuated by the same kindly feelings towards the society, found that the king classed this attempt among the impos-

sibilities. His majesty could understand how a wild elephant might be entrapped into a pitfall—but to get him out and lead him away—no—he could not or would not believe in the possibility of that. But if there is a failure in the south, the Viceroy of Egypt rules in the north; and there are safe grounds for hoping, that through his highness' powerful liberality, both an African elephant and a rhinoceros may be forthcoming, good Mr. Murray being on the spot to take care of the much desired additions. With the tide of foreigners setting in to inundate these islands, two oranges from Borneo, three feet high, and rejoicing in the names of Darby and Joan, are coming. Despatches have already been received, with a programme for their treatment from morning till night:

Every day when they go to dine,
They're to have, at one, a slice of pine!

Poor dear Theodore! If he were spared to us, what a second edition of *The Chimpanzee* we should have.

Negotiations are pending with Leyden for a visit from the gigantic Salamander, *Sieboldia maxima*, found by Dr. Von Siebold, in such a lake as we read of in the Arabian Nights, on a basaltic mountain in Japan, and brought away some twelve years since by the learned doctor. The giant loved his wife, taken at the same time, so well, that he ate her up during the passage to Europe, and has thriven accordingly. This is the closest living analogue to the fossil *Andrias Scheuchzeri*, the *Homo diwii testis* of that learned illustrator of the Bible. I should not be surprised if Mr. Mitchell, with whom all things seem possible, were, by hook or by crook, to beg or borrow an egg of the gigantic bird of Madagascar, fit rival for the New Zealand Moa.* Two of these eggs, besides fragments, are in Paris. Each would hold six ostrich eggs, sixteen emeu eggs, one hundred and forty eggs of the common barn door hen, and a thousand humming-bird eggs. Old Sinbad was a true man, after all; and we may catch a Rok yet.†

* *Dinornis*. Owen. Nearly a perfect skeleton of this form has been found lying together, and is on its way to this country.

† I have just seen (April 19) the Asiatic elephant, with her calf, seven months old, at her side. They have been secured to the Zoological Society by the energetic management; and I hear that "more elephants" are coming. Four are now to be seen in this noble collection; and before the year is out, a herd will probably be exhibited in the Regent's Park.

CURIOSITIES OF COMMUNICATION.—This appears to be the first of a series of brief and interesting papers by Mr. Charles Knight, intended for railway reading. It consists of a connected description, enlivened by anecdotes, of the growth of our great methods of communication—the road, the railway, the electric telegraph, the rail and the steamer, ocean steamers and foreign mails. The traveller, as he sits at ease in his well-cushioned compartment, while the "express" carries him along at the rate of some fifty miles an

hour, may be tempted to look back on the mode in which his fathers travelled. Little more than a century ago there were no canals—two centuries ago no turnpike roads. Before that time only the equestrian order could travel at all. Later on, Oxford students could communicate with their friends in Yorkshire only once a month. Between York and Oxford a message can now be sent in a few seconds and a man may travel in a few hours.

From the Athenæum.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

THE *Shelley Letters*, published by Mr. Moxon and reviewed in our paper a fortnight since, are, it turns out, with but one or two exceptions, forgeries. It is proper to say at once that Mr. Moxon has been deceived, and that no gentleman from the moment of the discovery could have acted more straightforwardly and promptly than he has done in this transaction. As soon as he was convinced that he had been the means (the innocent means) of giving to the public a false article, he did his best to repair his mistake. He has suppressed the book, and has called in the copies delivered to the trade. The discovery was made in quite an accidental manner. Mr. Moxon had sent a copy of the book to Mr. Tennyson. During a visit which Mr. Palgrave was paying to Mr. Tennyson, he dipped into the Shelley volume and lighted on a letter written from Florence to Godwin—the better half of which he at once recognized as part of an article on Florence written for the *Quarterly Review*, so far back as 1840, by his father, Sir Francis Palgrave. It is good to find a son so well versed in the writing of his father as young Mr. Palgrave proved himself to be on this occasion. He lost no time, as we may suppose, in communicating his curious discovery to his father, and Sir Francis, after comparing the printed letter with the printed article, wrote at once to Mr. Moxon, informing him that the letter—by whomsoever—was a “crib” from an article which he had written for the *Quarterly Review*. Startled at such intelligence, Mr. Moxon replied that he had bought the letter at a public sale among other letters, also by Shelley—and that the passage of which Sir Francis claimed the authorship was contained in a letter written by Shelley, carrying upon it the postmark of the period, and other written signs, which apparently marked it to be genuine. The Deputy Keeper of the Public Records was, it may be readily imagined, equally startled with Mr. Moxon at the announcement of such a fact. He wanted to see the letter. The letter was produced. “It looks genuine.” “Is it not genuine?” “I am the author of that passage, but not the writer of that letter,” was the reply of Sir Francis. “But may not Sir Francis,” it was urged to Mr. Moxon, “have seen this letter in the noble collection of autographs belonging to his father-in-law, Mr. Dawson Turner?”—a question which only added a fresh difficulty to the solution sought. In this emergency Mr. Moxon had recourse to the assistance of a gentleman known to be conversant with autographs. The letters were placed in his hands, with a request that he would spare no pains to ascertain the truth about them; and with this information to guide him, that they had been shown to some post-office clerks at the General Post-office, who, “to the best of their belief,” pronounced them to be genuine. The first step taken after this was to compare the postmarks with Byron’s letters to Mr. Murray, posted from the same cities in the same month and year, and to the same city—London. Here they failed—and in this way. Where “Ravenna” on a genuine letter was in a small sharp type—in the Shelley letter it was in a large uncertain type; and in the letters from Venice the postmark of the City of Palaces was stamped in an *Italic*, and not as in the Shelley specimens in a Roman letter. These were strong facts; but then the dates agreed with Shelley’s sojourn at the several places—the seals were correct; the handwrit-

ing was marvellously Shelley-like; no hesitation about it—a free accustomed hand. “Are they not genuine?” From whom did Mr. Moxon buy these letters? They were bought at Sotheby and Wilkinson’s at large prices. From whom did Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson receive them for sale? “We had them from Mr. White, the bookseller in Pall Mall, over against the Reform Club.” Off runs the gentleman detective. “From whom did you, Mr. White, obtain these letters?” “I bought them of two women—I believed them to be genuine, and I paid large prices for them in that belief.” Such are the words supposed to have been spoken by Mr. White. The two women would appear to have been like the man in a clergyman’s band, but with a lawyer’s gown, who brought Pope’s letters to Curll. It would be impolitic at this stage of an important inquiry to publish the whole of the particulars placed at our service in elucidation of the forgery of these letters. It is proper, however, to say thus early that there has been of late years, as we are assured, a most systematic and wholesale forgery of letters purporting to be written by Byron, Shelley, and Keats, that these forgeries carry upon them such marks of genuineness as have deceived the entire body of London collectors; that they are executed with a skill to which the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland can lay no claim; that they have sold at public auctions and by the hands of booksellers to collectors of experience and rank, and that the imposition has extended to a large collection of books, bearing not only the signature of Lord Byron, but notes by him in many of their pages, the matter of the letters being selected with a thorough knowledge of Byron’s life and feelings, and the whole of the books chosen with the minutest knowledge of his tastes and peculiarities. But the “marvel” of the forgery is not yet told. At the same sale at which Mr. Moxon bought the Shelley letters, were catalogued for sale a series of (unpublished) letters from Shelley to his wife, revealing the innermost secrets of his heart, and containing facts—not wholly dishonorable facts to a father’s memory, but such as a son would wish to conceal. These letters were bought in by the son of Shelley, the present Sir Percy Shelley—and are now proved, we are told, to be forgeries. To impose on the credulity of a collector is a minor offence compared with the crime of forging evidence against the dead, and still minor as in one instance, against the fidelity of a woman. Our readers will remember that it is our practice to report the principal autograph sales, and to offer, when opportunity occurs, extracts from letters and documents of historical or biographical importance. Now, some of the documents and letters to which we have called attention have since, through our publicity, undergone the severe trial of Sir Frederick Madden’s critical judgment, and have found a fitting place on the shelves of the British Museum. We have, however, we fear, given additional publicity to some of these undoubted Shelley and Byron forgeries; and if our readers will turn to our account of the sale at Puttick and Simpson’s of Mr. Hodge’s collection of autographs (*Athenæum*, No. 1,104, p. 1298), they will find extracts of letters from Shelley to Byron and from Byron to Shelley, (the former especially,) the presumed originals of which we have now no doubt were forgeries, Shelley’s letter containing an assertion against the fidelity of “Harriet,” which sold for 6*l.* 6*s.*, and which excited even then our indignant protest, although we had no reason to doubt its

genuineness, was of this sort. The forgery of Chatterton injured no one but an imaginary priest; the forgery of Ireland made a great poet seem to write worse than Settle could have written; but this forgery blackens the character of a great man and, worse still, traduces female virtue. Mr. Moxon is not the only publisher taken in. Mr. Murray has been a heavy sufferer, though not to the same extent. Mr. Moxon has printed his Shelley purchases; Mr. Murray, wise through Mr. Moxon's example, will not publish his Byron acquisitions.

From the Spectator.

FALSE LITERATURE.

It turns out that the Shelley Letters, slightly mentioned as a new publication in our paper of the 21st February, were altogether forged! This forgery is but the accidental discovery of a very flagrant instance of a process continually and extensively going on. Those who are so much surprised at the detected fact might turn their surprise more rationally to the undetected facts. Mr. Moxon buys a number of manuscripts purporting to be letters of Shelley to private friends, and hitherto unpublished. No doubt of their being genuine suggests itself; the dates of the postmarks correspond to Shelley's movements in Italy; the handwriting, to all appearance, is his; the style is that of a literary man. The letters are handed over to Mr. Robert Browning to be edited, and he writes a pleasant essay upon them by way of preface. Everybody thinks them interesting chiefly as relics of Shelley; for they are not very striking, nor characteristic; on the contrary, some of those who remember letters which they received from him are struck with the fact that these make no such impression as his did—they are "not like Shelley." The volume happens to fall into the hands of Mr. Palgrave, a son of Sir Francis the historian and archaeologist, who recognizes in them passages, verbatim, from a paper written by his father in the *Quarterly Review*; and Mr. Moxon is told of the fact. Well, if there is a fraud, may not Sir Francis himself be in some way implicated, as principal or instrument? Might he not have access, by some chance, to these very letters of Shelley, never anticipating their publication? Such a thing was possible, though not probable; and Mr. Moxon sets about an inquiry. The investigation discloses a systematic fraud; the letters had been bought at a sale in the office of Mr. Sotheby, the literary auctioneer; they are traced through him to Mr. White, a bookseller in Pall Mall; through him to two women, and through them to a person who is said to have been long practising a systematic series of forgeries on the letters of Byron, Shelley, and Keats. The Moxon volume is not the only collection palmed off upon purchasers; separate letters have been lodged in the British Museum; and Mr. Murray has a collection of Byron's letters, which his trust had sufficed to make him purchase, but his doubts had sufficed to withhold from publication.

Suppose Mr. Palgrave had not read that volume; any general reader of the *Quarterly Review* would have been less likely to detect the exact resemblance; still less likely to be sure that the writer had not seen and used portions of Shelley's unpublished letters—a practice not uncommon among literary men without the slightest taint of fraud. On the contrary, the freedom which permits the recipient of a private note to incorporate

its sentences with his own printed text often conveys a double compliment—to the value of the sentences hastily dashed off, and to the generous brain from which they come, which is presumed to have no niggard poverty in "ideas." It is very possible that a diligent search of correspondence would "turn up" many a parallelism of that kind. It needed the *personal* interest and personal knowledge of the relative to make sure that Sir Francis Palgrave had not possessed and would not have used Shelley's letters. Even after that certainty in the son's mind, it needed much evidence, which might have failed, to establish the truth in the mind of others.

Meanwhile, a shoal of forged letters has gone forth, casting doubts on many others which are genuine; and how are they to be discriminated? By internal evidence, it may be said. But internal evidence was not sufficient to awaken Mr. Browning; and very naturally. All great writers do not always write greatly; all defects of great artists are not at once obvious to minds biased by anticipatory admiration. Even when we suspect a weakness in the work of a great man, we hesitate to admit it, since it may be our judgment that is at fault; deference inclines us to believe that it is so, and we are prompted to repel any light admission that he is wrong rather than we are. Nor are faults of deficiency so easy to detect at once, from their very vagueness. Still less is identity a matter of instant certitude; in this day of haste and cursory consideration, there are many who profess to identify the painter of a picture at a glance, but those who are familiar with great painters know how many traits it is necessary to combine before there can be any certitude—how much it needs a leisurely contemplation for the recollection of all those traits—how the first glance of the very object before your eyes may be corrected by a quiet scrutiny of the less salient qualities. Mr. Browning was *not* slow to admit a doubt, and he counselled Mr. Moxon to proceed with the investigation; but the fact that he was deceived is instructive.

Byron, Shelley, and Keats, are not the only subjects of fraud, nor Shakespeare; a mass of forgery goes down to posterity with genuine literature, a still larger mass of that unintentional forgery which arises from negligence, and a sort of hybrid forgery between negligence and bad faith. How many biographies of Correggio repeat that he was killed by carrying home a load of copper coin received in payment. The contradiction is not always supplied—is indeed rarer than tacit adoption. We all remember the dispute on an historical fact at the very moment of its occurrence—the "suggestion of assassination" which Sir Robert Peel erroneously inferred from words which Mr. Cobden erroneously disclaimed. Sometimes the false assertion survives the contradiction; M. Louis Blanc has made out his right to disclaim the "national workshops" established by his opponent, M. Marie, in 1848; and yet it is common to see those establishments called "Louis Blanc's workshops,"—bad faith as often dictating the obstinacy as mere ignorance; but which of these two statements will ultimately reach posterity in the standard histories read by our descendants? In this very affair of the Shelley Letters, a daily journal gives a critique on the volume, written on the presumption that the letters are genuine, and published three or four days after the exposure has been made in divers journals, besides being the talk of the whole town!

In surveying any story of the past, it is seldom safe to rely on any one fact, though it is foolish to doubt all facts, as some fanciful people do; this plain truth cannot be too constantly supported and revived to the sight. It is silly to imagine Cicero a myth, though logic can disprove the existence of Napoleon; but it is illogical to be absolutely sure of any one statement. You are thrown, therefore, upon the general purport and spirit of the whole story; the general truth of which can be ascertained, in numberless cases, with tolerable justness. Shelley wrote letters, and genuine letters of his exist; in the progress of time, these forgeries, even if not branded as spurious, would have passed into oblivion through their own lack of characteristic force; probably, when evidence appearing to establish their authenticity had faded, the Robert Browning of some future century would have detected their want of verisimilitude; at all events, they would have sunk to mere negative shadows, not of much count, and Shelley's character would still be judged by the general character of that mass of writing which would not have existed without the moulding power of his genius.

From the Examiner, March 13.

SWITZERLAND MENACED.

WE had scarcely issued our number of last Saturday, when alarm was spread through the clubs by the report that the French ambassador and his wife had left precipitately for Paris. It was true, and unusual as true. And as it was well known that the English government had made remonstrance against the tenor of the French note menacing Switzerland, and had received a very impertinent answer to the tune of "Mind your own affairs, it is no business of yours," even well-informed people thought there was something menacing in the abrupt departure of Count and Countess Walewski. We have since heard no more on the subject. The Paris correspondents of the London journals have thrown no light upon the matter; and it may be presumed that Count Walewski, feeling himself somewhat in the position of Lord Normanby when his principal differed from him, went to Paris to represent that he could not occupy an amicable or comfortable position in London, if M. de Turgot were to continue to use such language or to write such despatches.

It seems that Switzerland, as far as she is concerned, has for the present got rid of the difficulties which surround her, by succumbing to the imperious demands of the French government. M. Bonaparte went the length of declaring that his envoy at Berne was the only fit judge of what strangers were to be allowed to remain in Switzerland, and what strangers were not. Napoleon himself never made use of language so unwarrantable, or so destructive of a neighbor's independence; yet we need not add that it was chiefly Napoleon's intemperance of language, and disregard of all forms in his mode of communicating his will to the lesser and even the greater states, that aroused the universal fear and resistance to him from which sprung the war against his power and all its consequences.

Napoleon at last took Switzerland into his own hands, as he did the Cisalpine republic. One, indeed, was the necessary consequence of the other. For whenever France subdues or dominates over North Italy, it will require possession of the lines of communication that Switzerland alone can give. Napoleon, however, even when imposing his yoke

upon a people, always observed one rule, by which his yoke was found to be lightened. He never embraced any of the local parties, or made their prejudices his own. Thus in Switzerland he neither courted the democrats, nor restored the old aristocracy of Berne or Geneva, but held an even tenor betwixt them, not reactionary, yet not revolutionary. Far from following the example of the great Napoleon, the lesser of the name espouses all the prejudices of the reactionary party. He joins with Austria in seeking to restore the supremacy of the high clergy, hoping vainly to cramp by such influence the educational and free-thoughted development of the Swiss. But the mere fact of France and Austria joining in a scheme of Catholic reaction has aroused what was slumbering in Germany, the old Protestant jealousy and opposition. Prussia protests against French and Austrian doings in Switzerland. Protestant Wurtemberg cannot but join. Baden itself cannot remain indifferent. So that an Austro-French alliance, founded on the basis of favoring or restoring the supremacy of the high Roman Catholic dignities and convents, is fortunately of a nature calculated to raise an opposition to defeat itself. We are no friends in principle to either Protestant or Catholic leagues. Political associations for religious ends give birth to counter associations and antagonisms, and every other movement is stopped by the religious, or so-called religious one. Still, if such a madman as M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte persists in putting his armies at the service of the Pope, and his diplomacy under the guidance of the conclave, resistance must be organized, and effectively carried out.

The *Times*, in treating of this subject, warns the French autocrat of the danger accruing to him and to France from the abrogation of the neutrality of Switzerland. Nothing more completely paralyzed Napoleon's means of defence ere he fell, than the absence of this neutrality, which, as he had never respected, could not be invoked in his favor. But there is another power whose side is laid open by the destruction of the neutrality and the independence of Switzerland; and this is Austria herself. If the French get command of Geneva and its lake, and of the Valais, which is but a road leading to the Simplon, the French can again descend into the plains of Lombardy without having traversed Piedmont, or secured a passage across it. The cessation of Swiss neutrality not only opens Franche Comté and Alsace to Austrian armies, but at the same time lays Lombardy bare to a French invasion. Nature hitherto has placed barriers between the great military forces of the east and west of Europe. But nothing will now serve the encroaching and restless ambition of these powers but to place themselves in mutual contact. Be it so. In that case the grand *finale* of a military struggle will not be so long to wait for.

It is a subject of congratulation that Russia is no party to these joint menaces of Austria and France against Switzerland. Russia was wont to be foremost in the desire to coerce Switzerland. Great reserve is however observable of late in the conduct of the Court of St. Petersburg. The Emperor does not sympathize with the personal resentments of Schwarzenberg; nor does he seem to think it safe to join the crusade of two madmen, the Austrian minister and the French president, against all forms of liberty, whether civil, religious, practical, or speculative. A quite new phase in the political divisions of Europe seems to be at hand.

From Chambers' Journal.

EDFOU AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

THERE is something extremely pleasant in the general regularity with which the picture of Egypt unfolds itself on either hand like a double panorama as you descend the Nile. When moving in the opposite direction, against the perpetual current, you are sometimes compelled to creep slowly on, tugged by a tight-strained rope at the rate of seven or eight miles a day; whilst anon a wind rises unexpectedly, and carries you, with bewildering speed, through forty or fifty miles of scenery. But the masts being taken down, and the sails folded for the rest of the voyage, and the oars put out, you begin to calculate, with tolerable certainty, on the rate of progress; for, though violent contrary winds do frequently blow during part of a day, it is almost always possible to make up for lost time in the hours that neighbor on sunset before and after. Well-seasoned Nile-travellers confirm our experience; and as we had rowed and floated within a calculated time from Assouan to Ombos, and from Ombos to Silsilis, so did we proceed to Edfou, and to the stations beyond, with few exceptions of obstinately adverse weather.

True, some portions of the view are missed during the hours of night-travelling; but these have most probably been seen during the ascent. Besides, though the scenery of the Nile is certainly not monotonous enough to weary the eye, yet there is a general sameness in its details, a want of those bold, original features, which, in other countries, stamp the character of particular localities. Two parallel lines of mountains, ever within sight of each other, now advancing towards the river through a sea of verdure in promontories, always nearly with the same level outline, now receding in semi-circular sweeps, a narrow flat plain, loaded with crops and palm-groves, and intersected by canals and dikes, sometimes equally divided by a tortuous stream of vast breadth, but sometimes thrown, as it were, all to one side, east or west; occasionally a long line of precipices descending sheer into the very water; once only a regular defile with rocks on either hand; islands in the river, sandbanks, broad, winding reaches—such, in a few words, is a description of Egypt. It is the variety of color produced by that mighty painter, the sun, that gives all the beauty to the landscape; and of this it is almost impossible to convey an idea. The chaste loveliness of the dawn, the majestic splendor of noon, and the marvellous glories of the sun-set hour—the thousand hues that glow and tremble, and melt and mingle around through all the scenes of this great drama of light—words have not yet been invented to describe.

And then the night! Who can sit down and recall and count over the impressions which fly like a troop of fairies over the thrilling scenes at that mystic hour, when the skirts of retiring day have ceased to flutter above the western hills, and the moon casts down her pale, melancholy glances on the silent scene, and the stars—our guardian angels, according to some—seem to stoop nearer and nearer to the earth as slumber deepens, as if to press golden kisses upon the eyelids of those whom they watch and love! In all countries these hours are beautiful; but in Egypt—let those who doubt come and witness all that we beheld, and which is indescribable, on the evening that we left the neighborhood of Silsilis on our way to Edfou—on that calm, placid river, over which brooded a silence

interrupted only by the alternate songs of the crews of the two boats as they leisurely pulled with the current.

It was late in the afternoon of next day when we reached the landing-place; but we immediately set out to see the ruin, if ruin it can be called, for it is almost in perfect preservation. After traversing a broad extent of ground covered with rank grass and prickly plants, we came to the customary palm-grove, and then entered what romancers would call the "good city" of Edfou. It is a considerable collection of huts, principally constructed of mud, clustering amidst mounds of rubbish at the base of the temple. The lofty propylæa, above a hundred feet high, I believe, were, of course, seen from afar off, both during our walk and in ascending and descending the river. As is the case in nearly all other Egyptian buildings, the effect at a distance is anything but picturesque. From want of objects of comparison, the impression of great size is not produced; and nothing can be meaner in outline than two towers like truncated pyramids, pierced with small, square windows at irregular intervals. On a nearer approach, however, the surface-ornament begins to appear; and the central doorway, overhung by a rich and painted cornice, presents itself in its really grand proportions, but crushed, as it were, by the vast size of the twin towers, which now seem magnified into mountains. At Edfou the effect of this surprise is partly injured by the circumstances: first, the accumulation of huts through which you approach; and, second, that of mounds of dirt which have risen nearly to the height of the doorway. However, when you come to the summit of these mounds, almost on a level with the lintel, and look down between the enormous jambs into a kind of valley formed by the great court, with its wonderful portico and belt of columns, it is difficult to conceive a more imposing scene.

The walls on all sides were covered with gigantic figures, quite wonderful to behold in their serene ugliness; but awakening no more human sympathy than the singular figures we saw on the Chinese-patterned plate stuck over the doorway in Nubia. The exaggeration that is usually indulged in with reference to Egyptian art is such, that if we were to attempt to describe these sculptured ornaments according to our own impressions, we should run the risk of being accused of caricature. We do not mean on this temple only, but on all the temples of Egypt. Now and then a face of beautiful expression, though still with heavy features, is met with; but, in general, both countenance and figure are flat, out of proportion, and stiff in drawing, whilst the highest effort of coloring consists of one uniform layer, without tints or gradation. Perhaps, amidst the many thousand subjects found in tombs and temples between Philæ and Cairo, one or two may be treated with nearly as much skill as was exhibited by the Italian painters before the time of Cimabue—except that scarcely an attempt even is made at grouping or composition. Nor must it be supposed that the Egyptian school was in course of development. They seem to have arrived at the highest excellence of which their intellect was capable. Their outlines, though in general excessively mean, are very firmly drawn; and they represent details with a laborious ingenuity worthy of the Chinese. Some enthusiastic antiquarians describe with great animation the scenes of public and domestic life which occur in such profusion; and, book in hand, we have ad-

mired and wondered at—not the genius of the artists, but that of their historians. How, in fact, do the Egyptians really proceed? They want to represent a hunt, for example: so they sketch a man with his legs extended like compasses, armed with a huge bow, from which he is in the act of discharging a monstrous arrow. Then close by they draw, without any attempt at perspective, a square enclosure, in which they set down higgledy-piggledy, a variety of animals, some of them sufficiently like nature to allow their species to be guessed at. In one corner, perhaps, is a sprig of something intended for a tree, and intimating that all this is supposed to take place in a wood. This hieroglyphical or algebraical method of “taking off” the occurrences of human life, is applied with almost unvarying uniformity. Such was high art among the Egyptians; whom it is now the fashion to cry up at the expense of those impertinent Grecians, who presumed to arrive at excellence, almost at perfection, in so many departments.

However, the vast size of the figures on the front of the propylæa of Edfou does certainly, in spite of their awkwardness, produce an imposing effect, especially at the time we first beheld them, when the gray twilight had descended upon the earth, and night was already thickening beneath the heavy portico. We walked, or rather slid, down into the great court. It was surrounded with massive columns loaded with ornament, and looked grave in the extreme, in spite of the heaps of rubbish that encumbered it, and enabled us to ascend to the summit of the colonnade at one corner. The architecture of the Egyptians was certainly sublime. Their style anticipated and surpassed the Gothic in majesty, though certainly not in beauty. Their massive walls, Cyclopean columns, dim porticos, gloomy chambers, produce, even now, all the terrific impressions they could have desired. Perhaps the crumbling ruins which encumber the roof, the wretched remains of Christian buildings once erected on this temple as on a rock for security, rather heighten than diminish its effect. We walked round a vast wall still in perfect preservation, which encircles the windowless parallelogram formed by the temple, and reaches about half its height, leaving a narrow court like a moat all round; and we felt that these religious edifices had been fortresses likewise, and that temporal as well as spiritual terrors had of yore surrounded them. When shall we be able to wring forth the secret of that ancient time? When will its history cease to be a myth, its kings become real personages, its civilization something better than a romance? As yet, nothing has been discovered but a string of disjointed facts, which scholars arrange each after his own fashion, and which no more resemble any other known series of human actions than the accidental combination of the kaleidoscope does this living and breathing world. We want a key, and a key has not been found. So men go stumbling on through the inextricable labyrinth, and exhaust more ingenuity in vain speculations than would suffice to bring a variety of modern sciences to perfection.

It was perfectly safe to indulge in these thoughts, because, even if any mighty antiquary had been at hand, he would have been obliged to confess that although some truth may have been brought to light, it is impossible to put one's finger upon it. For almost all men who have studied Egyptian antiquities differ entirely in their conclusions—all arrange dynasties in a different manner, and find

more mistakes than discoveries in their predecessors. Well, thought we, let us leave them to their researches; if they do not find the pot of gold, they may cultivate the ground. For our part, we will hasten on to where yon pale gleam of yellow light is pouring between the propylæa and the body of the temple over the court-yard upon an enormous mountain of rubbish. It was the moon that had risen—not to enlighten the scene, but to render it more dim and mysterious, more full of strange shadows and illusions. On such occasions it is difficult even for the least imaginative to check a thought of what that pale, thoughtful-looking orb, which has watched the changing aspects of this scene for so many thousand years, could tell if it had a tongue! We gazed inquiringly at it; but as it rose higher and higher, and poured down more light on all objects around, it seemed to smile at our inquisitiveness, and to bid us turn less eager glances towards the dust and rubbish of old times, where, perchance, we may find a precious stone, perchance a bit of broken glass—but bend our eyes more steadfastly to the future, the centuries unborn, the inevitable, though not yet created infinite.

Edfou is situated at a little distance inland on the western banks of the Nile. As usual, the land in the neighborhood of the river is high in comparison with that which is beyond—that is to say, there is a continual descending slope to the edge of the desert, where, at this time of year, there is, as it were, a succession of large ponds, water-channels, and marshes. It is impossible to reach the desert except by a long, elevated, tortuous dike, which begins near the town and terminates near the foot of a spur of the Libyan chain, some three or four miles distant. By the aid of the telescope we could distinguish in the niches of the rock a variety of dark spots resembling the entrances of grottos; and, hearing that others had made the same observation, though without undertaking the fatigue of a visit, we determined to set out next morning, and combine a little sporting with antiquity-hunting.

Though the sun was not very high, it was sufficiently warm when we started, and we had good reason for anticipating a broiling ride. At this point there is not an atom of shade, not the semblance of a tree between the river and the stony desert. All the palm-groves cluster round the town of Edfou and the villages north and south. We were soon upon the dusty dike, which, as we proceeded, seemed to lift us higher and higher above the level plain, half bright-green, half sheeted with water, that lay in death-like repose, and reflected the sun's rays like a burnished mirror. It soon appeared that our anticipations of good sport were not to be disappointed; on all sides, as far as the eye could reach, as well as near at hand in the pools at the base of the *gisr* or dike, appeared innumerable birds, principally aquatic. Large flocks of paddy-birds, often called the white ibis, speckled the green of the fields; enormous pelicans stood hanging their enormous beaks, as if in drowsy contemplation, over distant pools; storks and herons, single, or arranged, as it were, in military array, accompanied them; and prodigious masses of white birds glittered in the sun on the verge of the marshy plain. Then the water was alive with cormorants, geese, ducks, divers, teal, coot, that swam about in amazing numbers, or, startled at the slightest noise, flew generally at a cautious distance overhead. Birds of prey were,

of course, likewise numerous—hawks, kites, vultures; and whole flights of large, black crows went by now and then, cawing vociferously. We could see, also, prodigious numbers of the *ghatta* or red-legged partridge flying northward or settling on the edge of the desert. It seemed as though a grand parliament of the feathered creation were about to be held.

When we reached the desert we found a small Coptic convent standing amidst the ruins of a much larger one near the head of the *gisr*. We visited it in the course of the morning, and were civilly received and conducted over the establishment. However, there was nothing particular to see. The grottos we found to be of no interest whatever, being only a few feet deep, and containing neither sculptures nor inscriptions. At the base of the rocks were some oblong mouths of wells, but they were nearly filled with sand, so that, in an antiquarian point of view, we had reason to be disappointed. We passed some time on the plain, covered with *halfeh*, a kind of coarse grass, to the north of the convent; succeeded in getting some partridges to add to our water-fowl; and returned in the afternoon with a donkey-load of game to the boat.

On the opposite side of the river there is some good ground for hare-shooting. We had been there before with success, and determined on a second visit. The scenery presented a curious contrast to that on the west bank—no dikes, no ponds, no marshy fields. The country extends from the bank in a high level plain, principally overgrown with *halfeh* grass, to the desert. Formerly there was scarcely any cultivation; all was abandoned to unprofitable thickets, that grew wild down to the river's margin. Now a good deal of *dhourra* is grown; and in January we saw the bright green blades of wheat coming up amongst the stubble. The castor-oil plant has been introduced, but as yet the unprofitable silk-tree and the wild bushes are far more common.

WALKING is good; not stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbor to neighbor, but stretching out far into the country to the freshest fields, and highest ridges, and quietest lanes. However sullen the imagination may have been among its griefs at home, here it cheers up and smiles. However listless the limbs may have been when sustaining a too heavy heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing, and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of the memory is the day in Paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind on the face in the commonest highway is rest and comfort, which must be felt at such times to be believed. It is disbelieved in the shortest intervals between its seasons of enjoyment; and every time the sufferer has resolution to go forth to meet it, it penetrates to the very heart in glad surprise. The fields are better still, for there is the lark to fill up the hours with mirthful music, or, at worst, the robin and the flocks of fieldfares, to show that the hardest day has its life and hilarity. But the calmest region is the upland, where human life is spread out beneath the bodily eye—where the eye moves from the peasant's nest to the spiry town, from the school-house, to the churchyard, from the diminished team in the patch of fallow, or the fisherman's boat in the cove, to the viaduct that spans the valley, or the fleet that

The change that has taken place is attributed to the fact, that a Frenchman, in the service of the pacha, has discovered coal-mines in the vicinity; and this is further confirmed by the name bestowed on the mountains—Gebel et Fahm (Mountains of Coal). But none of the valuable mineral has as yet made its appearance, and sceptics pretend that none ever will. We saw four or five large black heaps at a distance, and thought they might be the produce of the neighborhood; but on drawing nigh they turned out to be charcoal manufactured in the desert, and brought down for sale by the Bedouins. There is a village of Ababde beneath the desert hills on the extreme verge of the plain; and the new cultivation seems entirely due to its inhabitants.

It was late in the evening when we this time came to the hare-ground; but we expected to take advantage of puss, as we had done once before, by moonlight. As we beat about among the bushes, myriads of drowsy sparrows, that had settled to rest on the boughs, rushed up with a tremendous noise, but sank down again almost instantaneously, to be once more disturbed. We started a few hares, but they glided away like shadows in the twilight, and we got no shots. Next morning we again tried our fortune; but it would appear as if the wary things had held a council of war, and decamped with bag and baggage. We found the sparrows lively and twittering, as though their night's rest had not been disturbed; hundreds of doves cooed securely on the boughs; and half a dozen mighty storks flew off from the midst of a dew-bespangled copse. But though we turned out the crews of two boats in default of dogs, not a hare showed its ears; and we gave up the search disappointed. It is remarked, by old travellers on the Nile, that these animals constantly shift their quarters; not, indeed, in the course of a night, as we perhaps gratuitously supposed, but from season to season.

glides, ghost-like, on the horizon. This is the perch where the spirit plumes its ruffled and drooping wings, and makes ready to let itself down any wind that Heaven may send.—*Miss Martineau*.

REALLY it is disgraceful that men are so ill-taught and unprepared for social life as they are, often turning their best energies, their acquisitions, and their special advantages, into means of annoyance to those with whom they live. Some day it will be found out, that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper, and a happy form of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in much knowledge and many accomplishments.—*Companions of my Solitude*.

THE belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth, for every beautiful, pure, and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

WEAKNESSES seem to be even more carefully and anxiously concealed than graver and more decided faults, for human nature is more ashamed of the first than of the last.

TEARS are as dew which moistens the earth, and renews its vigor. Remorse has none; it is a volcano, vomiting forth lava which burns and destroys.

NEXT to the lightest heart, the heaviest is apt to be the most cheerful.